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With love and blessing

Emmeline B. Wells

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Musings and Memories

Emmeline B. Wells

SECOND EDITION

With later poems and some hitherto unpublished

"In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge
A message of Peace they may bring."

—A. J. R.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
THE DESERET NEWS
1915

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By Emmeline B. Wells

Dedication.

To my children and to their children and children's children this little volume is lovingly dedicated, hoping it may be a valued memento of maternal affection in all the years to come.

Meanwhile I am not unmindful of the generous helpfulness and sincere appreciation (of these crude efforts in verse) by the many friends here and elsewhere who with sympathetic enthusiasm encouraged and made possible the publication of this work. Whatever may be the result of this venture into the world of books, I shall ever be deeply grateful to those who thought these unpretentious effusions worthy a place in the homes of the people among whom my lot has been cast.

Emmeline B. Wells.

Introduction.

Culled at odd moments through the years of a busy life, the flowers of song gathered together in this little book form a graceful chaplet, and are full of sweetness, tenderness and loving memories.

The very pathos of some of these verses makes us sure that the heart-strings played upon were very human: and here and there the touch of nature shows the kinship with the world.

Purple pansies of sorrow, white lilies of peace, and glints of golden sunshine are not missing, with their messages of Love and Hope and Faith in God and humankind. And so, little volume, without fear I bid you forth into the world of song.

M. C. W.

Preface to Second Edition.

The beautiful task of collecting my dear mother's poems for a second edition has given me great happiness. To those friends who shall be its readers may the little volume prove a precious souvenir of her sweet and gracious life.

For nearly eighteen years subsequent to the issue of the first edition, my mother published *The Woman's Exponent.* In its columns appeared, from time to time, most of the later poems presented in this book.

The last poem, "An Ode," was written after she had attained the great age of eighty-four years, on which occasion she received the degree—Doctor of Literature—(Lit. D.) from the Brigham Young University, Provo.

May the tender yet lofty meaning which is clothed in the graceful verses of "MUSINGS AND MEMORIES" reach the hearts of those who read.

Annie Wells Cannon.

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Musings and Memories

Musings and Memories.

Beauties of Nature.

Down in the meadows, where the cowslips spring,
And the sweet clover breath is in the air,
There where the thrush and bluebird sweetly sing,
Dame Nature in her robes so wondrous fair,
Holds her communion with the regal night,
And blushes in the dawn of early light.

What picture hath the artist ever drawn,
That could compare in loveliness and grace
With nature in her rudest, wildest form,
No matter in what climate, time or place,
So skillfully is ev'ry figure wrought,
So delicate with feeling is it fraught!

In grove, and field, and vale in forest glade,
On snowy heights where man may scarcely tread,
On flow'r or shrub, and every grassy blade
That lifts from earth its tiny modest head
In coral reef or sea beach shining sand.
We see the seal of an Almighty hand.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

I cannot tell how greatly I delight
  In all the beauties of the earth and heaven;
How ardently I reverence the light
  Which our good Father has so wisely given;
The sun and moon, and all the stars that shine
With the effulgence of a power divine.

These speak to us in language most sublime,
  And most exalting to the human soul;
And all the changes of the hand of time,
  Which in their order and their seasons roll,
Bespeak the presence of a God of love,
And grandly all the forces seem to move.

Harmonious in its sphere each sweeps along,
  In measured time and method, year by year,
And nature's voices in triumphant song
  Ring out their echoes sweet, distinct and clear,
That linger 'mong the "everlasting hills,"
Or dance to rhythm in the sparkling rills;

Music in which the heavens might rejoice,
  So gifted and so rapturous the lay,

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

For Nature with a universal voice
  Unites to celebrate each new-born day;
And thus from morn to eve, and eve to morn,
All beauty and all grace the earth adorn.

So we admire, adore and pass along,
  Yet linger most where sweetest flow'rs are strewn,
And while we mingle in the busy throng
  We often feel " 'twere good to be alone,"
To meditate in nature's haunts apart
In silence and humility of heart.

O, how we yearn to understand still more
  The mysteries that nature hath conceal'd;
The knowledge of her science—hidden lore,
  Which unto none of us has been revealed;
Nor will it be till we have proved how true
Our trust has been in what we came to do.

Memory's Dream.

I DREAMED of the hills and the streams far away,
Of hemlock and pine, and the fragrance they shed,
The holiday seasons, so joyful and gay,
Fair visions, bright pictures of days that are dead.

These come in the night-time, when lonely I weep,
And list to the wind and its voices of song;
These soothe me with echoes and lull me to sleep,
As I hear the soft tread of the ages along.

And the friends I have loved and the faces I've known,
Grow familiar and greet me as erst long ago;
And the fall of their footsteps at night when alone
Is hushed as the shadows that wave to and fro.

The voices of night, in the winds and the waves,
Speak to me of the past, its griefs, and its tears,
And chant their wild symphonies over the graves
Of hopes that lie buried, these many long years.

MEMORY'S DREAM.

As we sit by the fire, so sweetly we dream,
Forgetful of self and the things of today;
How brightly soever the present may seem,
The scenes of one's childhood will linger alway.

The echoes that slumbered are wakened tonight,
Their silvery notes are afloat on the air;
How they ripple and dance in playful delight,
To music delicious of memories rare.

Listen! the vales and the mountains are teeming
With melody gushing in rhythms and trills;
While we sit enraptured over our dreaming
The glory of angels is lighting the hills.

A Song of Summer.

The summer has come, with its sunshiny hours,
The fields in their verdure are smiling and gay;
The air is perfumed with the breath of the flow'rs,
As the soft, wooing breezes in gentleness play.
The violets blossom in low meadows green,
And daisies are nodding to us as we pass;
The buttercups, glowing like gold in its sheen,
Are shining like stars among tangled grass.
Away to the hills for a moment we'll stray,
Where wild flowers offer their tribute so sweet;
The hedges are blooming along the rough way,
And red clover blushing under our feet.

Ah! here let us pause and drink in our fill
From nature's clear fountains, so calm and so deep,
Till twilight is hanging o'er valley and hill,
The world, as it were, enchanting to sleep.
List to the nightingale's song in the wood,
Waking sweet mem'ries of "love's golden dream;"
The dear ones departed, the tender and good—
The joys and the sorrows of life are his theme.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

Yes, the nightingale's notes, so clear and so high,
Wake to life all emotion that's lingering still;
E'en the fountains of love, we may have thought dry,
To the passion of music instinctively thrill.
The freshness of June is within us once more,
We're clasping again the fond and the true;
The present is ours—a bright future before—
The friendships of life then let us renew.
Sing on, thou brave songster of fair, rosy June,
Thy voice has a charm, sweet peace to impart;
To the passionate chords of the soul 'tis attune,
And it strengthens and cheers the weary of heart.

The silvery moon has kissed the warm hills,
With beauty she's clothing the midsummer night;
But sees her sweet face in the sparkling rills
And lingers, embracing the earth with delight.
The charm of the summer, so silent and grand,
Pervading all nature with consummate skill,
Shows plainly the touch of a great master hand,
Who fashioned the universe unto His will.

And while we adore this infinite power,
That wakened to life and to motion the earth,

And called into being each bird, tree and flower,
And gave to creation this exquisite birth—
Oh when, blessed Father, shall we know the truth—
The mystery deep that envelopes the whole?
Whence cometh this yearning for immortal youth,
This love for the beautiful, thrilling the soul?
'Tis a heritage, surely, "Our Father" has given,
Which links us unseen to a happier sphere:
A faint recollection of what was in heaven,
That clings to us ever while lingering here.

WHAT are the hopes that have grown with the years,
Nourished in pain and born of our sorrow,
Christened by grief, baptized with our tears,
Clothed with resolve and faith in the morrow.

Consolation.

I LIFTED the curtains of morning,
And I opened the windows of day,
Peering through dim shadows of dawning
That darkened the heavenly way;
I longed and I watched for some token
To heal a poor heart that was broken.

I felt that some angel of pity
Might have paused at the gateway of light,
Ere she entered the beautiful city
Where there is no sorrow nor night,
And standing where sunlight was streaming,
On the threshold in vision half dreaming—

In her beauty and loveliness glowing,
With the goal of her hopes just in sight,
Her white robes so gracefully flowing,
And dazzled with splendor so bright—
Gaze backward, beholding our grief,
Filled with yearning to give us relief;

CONSOLATION.

Remembering the clouds and the darkness
That had shrouded our earth-life below;
The tears and the trials and sadness
That mortal probation *must* know—
Retrospection would surely awaken
Regrets for the loved ones forsaken!

All at once in the midst of my weeping,
In my sobbing and anguish alone,
While the loneliest watch I was keeping,
A rainbow around me was thrown;
And I felt as tho' nearing the portal
Where dwelleth the beings immortal.

I listened, half conscious of something,
A presence that beamed on my sight;
And I wondered if angels were noting
The rapturous joy and delight
That gladdened the face of the woman,
As she wafted a sigh for the human.

I pondered in fond expectation
Of the message from regions above,
And I bowed in intense supplication,
In humility, meekness and love;
But I heard only sighing and sobbing,
Tho' the great pulse of nature was throbbing.

CONSOLATION.

I knew, by an inward suggestion,
That a presence of angels was near,
And a feeling no language could question
Thrilled through me and banished all fear,
As I thought of a *promise* once given
When we spoke of our parting and heaven.

The mist on the mountain was fading,
And the vision so sweet fled away,
And with it the soft, sombre shading
That encircled the earth, cold and gray;
And the sun in his splendor arising
The world with fresh light was baptizing.

The poet, now fully awakened,
Soliloquized: "What of the night?
Aye, what had the vision betokened
That vanished so quickly from sight?"
But the morning broke forth into singing,
And the welkin with music was ringing.

The world was awakened to gladness,
And the voices of night were no more,
But the echoes of sighing and sadness
Had pierced to a far distant shore,
And the Father, with infinite feeling,
Had poured out the balm of His healing.

April, Herald of Spring.

Now April with its fresh perfume
Of fragrant air and gentle showers,
Scatters away the frost and gloom
That linger from the winter hours;
And by the brook or "moss-grown spring"
Fond friends or lovers wander near.
Mellow and low the thrushes sing,
To usher in the new-born year,
Just opening to virgin life,
Unconscious of the charms concealed—
The radiant bloom of summer rife,
When all earth's beauty is revealed.
Oh! spring time of the heart's true love,
Promise of joy and pleasure sweet,
Well may the cooing of the dove
Such tender wooing softly greet.
'Tis fitting time the early spring
Life's richest treasure to bestow,
While groves and woods with music ring
And echoes answer soft and low.

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Friendship.

O LIFE is beautiful, and fair and sweet,
With all its golden wealth of love and hope;
Bright, dreamy fancies, castles incomplete
Fill up the vacant avenues and scope.

But while we plod along from day to day,
What is it cheers and gladdens most the heart?
Not love—the changeful queen from sad to gay;
Hope, Faith and Trust each comfort may impart,

But Friendship, which the test of truth has tried,
Lifts us from darkness into regions fair,
And will with sorrow or with joy abide,
A gem of gems, exquisite, rich and rare.

Let poets sing in praises all divine,
Choosing among the gifts that God has given,
The one most precious, cheering or sublime,
To help poor mortals in the path to heaven,

FRIENDSHIP.

I would suggest that FRIENDSHIP be the theme
  Highest and worthiest of the poet's fire;
'Tis guiltless of deceit or selfish scheme,
  And will true sympathy of soul inspire;

Linking together the divinest part,
  Of man or woman in affection true,
'Twill elevate and purify the heart,
  Imparting strength to bear life's journey through.

To E. R. S.

I COUNT thy friendship as a precious boon;
  Indeed it has been very dear to me;
Among the many women I have known,
  None have been truer, or more sweet than thee.

Trials and Happiness.

When all is beautiful, and bright, and fair,
And tranquil flows the pleasant stream of life,
We may forget its sorrows, toil, or care,
Perchance e'en bitterness, and pain, and strife.
Some precious lessons trials may have taught;
We may be purer, wiser, and more just;
Some beauty in our souls may have been wrought,
Through faith in God, obedience and trust.

And though we did not clearly understand
The voice that whispered, thrillingly, "be still,"
Yet we are sure there was a guiding hand,
That buoyed us up life's duty to fulfill.
And when our weary feet had found a place
Where we might rest upon the great highway,
Then we have gathered courage, strength and grace,
To bear the burdens of another day.

And thus we struggle on 'gainst adverse powers,
For earth-life is not perfect nor complete;
Yet there are hallowed moments, blissful hours,
Wherein we quaff ambrosial nectar sweet,
And stand as 'twere upon enchanted ground,
Breathing an atmosphere of purity,
While love and beauty everywhere abound,
And joy, and light, and heavenly charity.

The past with all its dreariness and pains,
Sinks insignificant compared to this,
And for the time a brilliant summer reigns,
That floods the soul with light and happiness.
Then hope sits high within the human heart,
Waving her banner o'er the buried past,
And we seem strong to choose "that better part,"
Knowing in pleasant lines our lot is cast.

Our vision of the infinite, afar,
Is quickened, and we draw so near
We almost see the gates of life ajar,
And angel voices, shouting praises, hear;
And we interpret in our own poor way,
Some of the doubts and mysteries we've seen;
But in the light of an eternal day,
Then we shall know why all these things have been.

June, Queen of Summer.

Softly tread 'midst buds and roses,
Fragrant with the breath of June,
Blossoms teeming o'er with sweetness,
Redolent of Spring's perfume.

Crowning glory of the summer,
June, the queen of nature's bowers;
Buzz of bees, and insects murmur,
Songs of birds beguile the hours.

In the gloam of early evening,
Softly falls a radiance fair;
Nature's jewels—dewdrops sparkling,
Fairy foot-prints everywhere.

Listen closely to the zephyr,
Faintly breathing God is here,
And the echo's answering murmur,
Angel voices lingering near.

Memory of the Sea.

In the midnight hour a memory
Swept like music o'er my soul,
As I stood in silent reverie
Where the surging billows roll,
Minor music, sad and sorrowing,
Full of trembling, full of tears,
Ever like the ocean's murmuring
Bringing back the tide of years;
Telling of the long forgotten
In the cycles of the past,
Of the nations, crushed and broken
In the world's great holocaust.

As I listened, so entrancing
Was the music of the sea,
That I fancied mermaids dancing
To the midnight minstrelsy;
And a thousand harpstrings quivering,
Sobbing in the midnight sea,
And my broken heartstrings shivering,
As sad memories came to me.

MEMORY OF THE SEA.

Had I caught the inspiration
  Of the music, deep and strong,
That had moved my soul's wild passion—
  Was it but a siren's song?
O, such music, weird and mournful,
  As the nightwind swept along,
And the shattered notes so painful,
  Making discord in the song.

How far off the dreamy vision,
  That these memories brought to me,
As I strained my ear to listen
  To the murmuring in the sea;
Far down where the sea weeds whisper
  To the corals and the shells,
But they keep the secret ever,
  Roar or echo never tells.
But the human heart's emotion,
  Answers to the sad refrain,
And the ceaseless moan of ocean
  Brings a grandeur fraught with pain,
And the wild waves in commotion,
  Sweeping out unto the shore,
(Bounding billows, restless ocean)
  Echo on forevermore.

MEMORY OF THE SEA.

And the ever constant beating
'Gainst the rocks that hemmed the sea,
Where the winds in fury meeting,
Dashed them backward ruthlessly.
So our human hopes are driven,
Recklessly tossed to and fro,
And our strongest ties are riven—
Rent asunder by a blow.
Ever heaves the restless ocean,
With its hidden mystery
Sleeping in its surging bosom,
Until time shall cease to be.

OUR lives are full of mysteries so deep
We cannot fathom all the years may bring,
The angels have some secrets which they keep,
We hear the music, not the words they sing.

The Autumn.

Ah! this is the saddest time of the year,
Methinks I have heard that the poets sing,
When the days are gloomy and landscape drear,
And the "birds of passage" are on the wing;
For the woods are brown, and the trees are bare,
And the chill of autumn is everywhere.

I'll hie me away to some cosy nook
'Mong the mossy rocks and the falling leaves,
And study a while "Dame Nature's book,"
And gather a few of her choicest sheaves;
For this is her mellowest harvest time—
The season of sentiment most sublime.

The hills are crowned with foliage gay,
Rich royal purple, brown, yellow and red;
But the skies are leaden, and dull, and gray,
And the summer flow'rs are lying dead;
Pale, withered garlands are round us strewn,
Yet a mantle of beauty is over them thrown.

THE AUTUMN.

We think of the loved ones gone like the flowers,
  Whose fragrance still lingers around the place,
And pensive and lonely are the hours,
  As memory's delicate lines we trace;
And the sere and yellow leaf entwine,
And lay the chaplet upon love's shrine.

Oh, fanciful visions, so far away,
  Over the hills and the mountains, too!
Farther and farther my footsteps stray,
  And quicker my heart doth the way pursue;
For the sunlight guides, and the shadows flee,
And the beautiful vista is fair to see.

And I haste as it were with charmed feet,
  While my heart beats high with passion wild,
List! I hear the music, so soft and sweet,
  I heard when a winsome, innocent child;
'Tis the rustle of leaves, and the sighing breeze,
And the murmur of voices among the trees.

They whisper to me, and I answer, too,
  Though never a sound escapes my lips,

Yet I know the message they bring is true,
And I feel it thrill to my finger tips,
Ev'ry sense I possess affirms its truth,
And echoes back to the days of my youth.

Yes, the past with its gleam of love and light,
Its sunshine and shadow, its smiles and tears,
Has a rainbow of promise ever bright,
That lightens the path of my future years;
And my faith grows stronger as time rolls by,
That the goal I'm seeking is drawing nigh.

But I've flown so far in my dreamy flight,
That perhaps 'tis time to retrace my way;
I fear the present is lost to my sight,
Better come back to the scenes of today;
For mortals must deal with the things that are real,
Tho' poets oft wander amid the ideal.

What's this I've been dreaming here by the fire,
While in fancy I flew far over the hills?
What symphony grand did my soul inspire,
While a magic elixir my bosom thrills?
'Tis night, and I'm sitting here quite alone,
And the beautiful visions I saw have flown.

THE AUTUMN.

I hear only the weird and tragic wind,
As it whistles, and shrieks, and moans, and sighs;
Ah, this is the potent power I find,
Which brought me the *genii*, so wondrous wise,
That opened the realm of poetic thought,
And tender branches of evergreen sought.

These were remembrances, loving and true,
Scattered at intervals over life's way,
The pleasures we shared, the friends we knew,
That are fresh and green in our hearts today;
Fragments of beauty from out the dead past,
Which over our lives have a halo cast.

A Bereaved Mother.

Yea, the heart must be proven with sorrow,
So let not thy courage fail,
The clouds will be lighter tomorrow,
And thinner the mystic veil;
For wisdom and grace will be given,
Sufficient for all thy need;
If thy treasures are stored in heaven,
Then follow where Christ shall lead.

Be sure in the midst of affliction,
While passing beneath the rod,
He'll strengthen the ties of affection,
And draw thee nearer to God.
Then bravely submit to His dealing,
How bitter soever the pain;
For the power of Christ is healing,
And thy trials are not in vain.

A BEREAVED MOTHER.

E'en if weary and broken-hearted,
With that which thou deemest loss;
Although from the dearest ones parted,
He will help thee bear thy cross;
And if the ordeal seems cruel,
The Father will make it right,
And the brighter thy precious jewel
Will shine in the realms of light.

IN youth's sweet spring-time, O how grand and true,
The aspirations of a fresh young heart;
And the bright vision fancy opes to view,
Strange forecasts of the future life impart.

May Song.

We come from the hill-tops far away,
Tripping along so blithe, and so gay;
The fairest flowers and sweets we bring,
With music we make the wild-wood ring,
To welcome the maiden May,
For we crown our queen today;
The maids of honor her throne surround,
And cast their garlands upon the ground.

We search for bloom where the fairies dwell,
We hunt for buds in the shady dell;
Roses and lilies in wreaths we twine,
Woven from every leaf and vine,
To adorn the queen of May,
Whose sceptre we own today;
And our sweetest notes for her we sing,
And the purest offerings we bring.

MAY SONG.

The maids who come from the sunny hills,
Have bathed in the sparkling, bubbling rills,
Have reveled in loveliness and light,
And quaffed the nectar of dewy night;
They have come to crown Queen May,
In their own sweet, graceful way;
Each maid of beauty lifts up her voice,
For the queen of May she makes her choice.

I HAD knelt in the valley of sorrow
In the darkness and shadow of night;
But now the bright rays of the morrow
Had dawned with its promise of light;
And I soared in the regions supernal,
While I longed for a heaven eternal.

Retrospection.

The pale, dull sun of February,
Tinging with mellow light,
The landscape drear and mountain tops
Grand in their sheen of white,
Lights up the day, with glim'ring ray,
And fadeth into night.

The shadows lie along the wall,
Gloomy and dark they seem,
And fitfully the sunset rays
Adown the casement stream,
And the tired mind to rest inclined
Would fain at twilight dream;

Call up some vision of the past,
Glowing with life and light,
Some rosy-hued and brilliant scene
In dazzling splendor bright;
A pleasant phase of other days,
And friends now lost to sight.

RETROSPECTION.

Ah! pause—for from the years gone by,
A dear, familiar face,
The twilight shrouds in shadow
And seemingly we trace
The outlines clear, of one most dear,
Crowned with a mystic grace.

Our thoughts rush back to the long ago,
And we listen as of yore,
To catch the music of the hours
That will return no more;
And 'mid the flowers of childhood's bow'rs,
Our hearts are gushing o'er.

And we close the ideal vision,
With memories so replete,
Yet fancy the night-wind sighing
A requiem low and sweet;
But as we part the tear-drops start,
The spell is so complete.

We'll meet the absent one again—
O, Faith, thy glorious ray
Brighter than sunshine floods the soul
And lights the darkest day,
With beams divine, that constant shine,
Athwart the roughest way.

Twilight Reveries.

The shadows rest upon the mountains high,
And blue and purple haze enwrap them now,
And clouds fantastical, piled 'gainst the sky,
Wreathe quaintest garlands round the mountain's
brow.

How gently shadows blend with clouds so gray,
Changing to dullness things but late so bright!
Yet from the beauteous west the closing day,
Casts glim'ring glances of its fading light.

Oft have I watched the phantoms twilight made,
Dissolving day and night in one another,
And in similitude my fancies played
With light and shade, entwining them together.

The soft breeze gently whispers in the leaves,
In tones so musical, and sweet, and low,
The echoes thrilling me—'til mem'ry weaves
The reveries of the hour with long ago.

TWILIGHT REVERIES.

The visions of the past fill all my soul,
And through the vista of the years grown grim,
I trace the outlines, as upon a scroll,
Of forms and scenes familiar though so dim.

I see the forests near my childhood's home,
And hear again the voices in the breeze;
And troop on troop the floods of memory come,
'Til I seem wand'ring 'mid those ancient trees;

And all that then was mine of youthful hope,
And sweet affection with her myriad powers—
All these I gather in the shadowed scope
Of fancy, as I muse in twilight hours.

Sweet tones of love fall lightly on my ear,
Again I feel the clasp of hands now cold,
And shud'ring pause 'twixt happiness and fear,
As the vast panorama is unrolled.

'Tis pleasant thus to view the path we've trod,
And mark where here and there our feet have strayed,
Where sometimes fell a heavy chast'ning rod,
And soft the whisper, "Be not thou afraid!"

Sooth'd all the wound—and cheered us ever on
And list'ning close, the "still small voice" we hear
Now plainer grown than when life first begun,
Helping and guiding as the goal we near.

If in our way some shadows in the years,
Darkened our path and hid the light from view,
Now looking back through mists of bitter tears,
We know *whose Hand* hath brought us safely through.

Friendship's Trust.

Treasured in my heart's best keeping,
Nestled midst its tenderest thought,
Lives a memory fresh with gladness,
With most sacred feeling fraught.

Let not e'en the gentlest zephyr,
Breathe this secret on the air,
Lest it lose its timid fragrance,
Most exquisite rich and rare.

Sweeter than the new-mown clover,
Filling all my soul with bloom;
Or the morning breath of violets,
Heavy laden with perfume.

Rarer than the choicest nectar
Which "the gods" exultant drain,
Thrilling every nerve and fibre,
Which the human heart contain.

FRIENDSHIP'S TRUST.

In the far uncertain future
  Midst its changes, grief or pain,
Gathered closely to my bosom,
  Shall this precious trust remain.

Time may bring me joy or sorrow,
  Those now dear may colder grow,
But this friendship, true and constant,
  Never must estrangement know.

Hushed be every thought or feeling,
  Which engenders doubt or fear;
Cherished fondly every impulse
  That would render life more dear.

The New Era.

Now with the dawning of the glad new year,
Come thoughts of other days and mem'ries dear;
How thrillingly the finer senses glow,
As retrospective visions come and go;
And lo! we grasp the shadow's glim'ring ray,
And blend it with the *real* of today.

And once again we wander as of old,
'Mid scenes which radiant fancies now unfold,
Where loving friends around the cottage hearth,
With song and jest pour forth their joy and mirth;
We summon to our thoughts the friends we knew,
And linger fondly o'er the good and true.

Oh! hush the throbbings of the pent-up heart!
Why will the tears of long-gone sorrows start?
Banish the griefs—put miseries aside—
Let joy replete in merry measure glide!
Yet, pause awhile o'er scenes now passed away,
For a new era has begun today.

And those who see a few more years go by
Will *know* Messiah's coming draweth nigh;
E'en now the signs of judgments in the land
Should cause the wise to wake, and understand,
That this proud nation's cup is full and more,
With rank corruption, even running o'er.

Ye great and high ones, for the nation's sake,
Repent, reform and restitution make,
Lest those, whose happiness should be your care,
Are driven to the depths of dark despair
By war, and famine's desolating hand,
Marring the beauty of this goodly land.

Woman, awake! as mother, daughter, friend,
Thine energies and earnest efforts lend,
To help thy country in her hour of need—
Prove thine integrity by word and deed!
For woman's star is lighting up the dawn,
And rosy gleams presage the coming morn.

Yes, woman hath a mission to perform,
Embodying the germs of true reform;
For her a nobler era, broader sphere;
Then banish obstacles, and doubt, and fear;
The inspiration of a clearer light,
Will strengthen her and nerve her for the right.

Welcome to Spring.

O, BEAUTEOUS SPRING! fragrant of leaf and bloom,
Nature with myriad welcomes hails thy birth;
Thou breath'st and lo! a rich and sweet perfume
Rises like incense from the gladdened earth.

O, gentle spring; thy presence everywhere,
Renews the life-pulse, e'en in earth's cold heart,
And from its bosom, buds and blossoms fair,
In rich profusion, all spontaneous start.

Whence come ye fairy-footed, gay with flowers?
Lightly ye tripped o'er mountain, hill and plain;
The song birds herald thee from Eden's bowers;
And sweetest music ushers in thy reign.

Birds trill their notes till answ'ring echoes ring
From wood, and glen, and fountain's mellowed flow;
And mortal hearts a silent offering bring,
And bathed in sunlight, nature's landscapes glow.

And hope springs up afresh in saddened lives;
Dark clouds disperse and heaven again is clear;
The tenderest trust and confidence revives,
For spring has come and beautified the year.

Thou com'st a harbinger from courts above,
That we may realize God's promises are sure;
Thou scatterest blessing all replete with love,
And giv'st us faith earth's trials to endure.

Hail, blessed type of morn, whose roseate light,
Shall bring the tidings of a holier birth—
The Resurrection, by which power and might,
The sleeping millions will be ushered forth.

Mizpah.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—*Genesis xxxi:49.*

I HAD a friend to whom I said farewell!
And then the way seemed lone and dark for me;
The unknown future, none save God could tell;
To me 'twas all one great grand mystery.
My very soul was weak, the way was long,
My tears fell fast until my sight grew dim,
I only knew that God was wise and strong,
And prayed that I might ever trust in Him.

I knew that life was full of grief and pain;
And I had lost my trusted one—my guide;
I felt that we no more should meet again,
Until we landed "on the other side."
A little while my nature needs must grieve,
Or to my woman's heart be most untrue,
And then God helping me I would believe,
That He knew best what each of us should do.

And then I said I'll build an altar here,
And "Mizpah" write, e'en as 'twere made of stone,
That God may keep a watch, forever near,
And bless the friendship that we two have known.
A pledge of constancy, so let it be,
That my fidelity and faith shall prove,
And "Mizpah," sweetest word shall be to me,
An earnest of the truest, human love.

In all the years long past so bleak and drear,
When sorrow pressed most heavy on my heart;
Though friends were cold, and trials hard to bear,
Still to my soul this word did strength impart.
Yes, "Mizpah" was a talisman to me,
That kept my feet from wand'ring far astray,
And gave me over self the victory,
When darkness shrouded all the lonely way.

Yet life has not been always dark or sad,
Good angels often brought me sweetest flowers,
And blessings, which have made my spirit glad,
Have shed their fragrance on life's precious hours;
But 'round the shrine, which my devotion reared
And dedicated to affection true,
Cling tender hopes, by promises endeared,
That soothe my spirit, all life's journey through.

The Happy Maiden.

A MAIDEN sat in a leafy bower,
And all around were bird-notes ringing;
But a rapture that thrilled her soul with its pow'r,
To the heart of the maiden was singing;
And she heeded not the song of the bird,
Nor even knew the summer was fair,
For the fountains within were deeply stirred
By a strange, sweet music, exquisitely rare.
She knew not the strength of the hidden guest,
That kept throbbing wildly within her breast.

She sat and dreamed till the twilight came,
And the stars shone out in the azure sky,
But her thoughts dwelt not upon wealth or fame,
But a deep and conscious memory
Of something just past, she could scarce define,
That puzzled her brain, yet pleased her too,
For some one had whispered, "Wilt thou be mine?"
And a kiss, as delicious as honey-dew,
Was snatched in a moment, and he was gone,
And the maiden was left to her thoughts alone.

And she asked herself again and again,
The meaning of all she had seen and heard,
But only the birds and fairies, I ween,
Knew aught; and they answered never a word;
Yet the maiden's heart throbbed fast and loud,
Till an echo came on the whispering breeze,
List! Love's confession so humbly proud;
'Twas a fitting place for vows like these.
O love keep singing with joy o'erladen,
In the heart of the wife as well as the maiden.

To H. B.

Thou hast chosen wisely in days of thy youth;
Stand by thy convictions, and cleave to the truth;
Bravely press onward if a crown thou would'st wear,
Trials and crosses all the faithful must bear;
And ever around thee from day unto day
The rainbow of peace shall o'ershadow thy way.
When clouds are the darkest there's light up above
And hope sits enthroned in the glory of love.

A Reverie.

I WANDERED through a ruin, old and grand,
Where ivy twined across the massive door,
And shadows fell around on every hand,
And mellow sunbeams played upon the floor.

It was a picture for an artist's eye,
And one that lives within my soul today.
I cannot understand the reason why
"It haunts me still," like scenes of some old play.

A house deserted, desolate and lone—
The owls and bats made nests within its walls;
Its inmates to some other land had flown,
And left forever their ancestral halls.

All trace is gone to those who do not know,
Who come and gaze, and go upon their way;
May be they wonder how it happened so,
And why the house was left there to decay.

A REVERIE.

Those hemlock groves, the gentle streams that glide
So smoothly on—why tell they not the tale?
Aye, one may wander by the brooklet's side,
And listen to the songsters in the vale;

Or the soft summer winds, that seem to sigh,
But none of these the mystery reveal;
The mournful echoes in the distance die,
And all conspire the secret to conceal.

The daffodils are blooming, bright and gay,
And buttercups and cowslips thickly grow;
And from afar the scent of new-mown hay
Is wafted as the gentle breezes blow.

Beyond's the forest, with its giant trees,
Where we may ponder in profoundest thought,
Till, startled by the whispers of the breeze,
We realize our minds are overwrought.

There soft, green pastures, where the lilies grow,
And sunset's glory resting on the hills;
How beautiful the picture in the glow,
Of fancy's radiance which my bosom fills!

A REVERIE.

We wander back again, as in a dream,
  Thro' an old orchard, where the birds are singing,
Back to the hemlock grove and pearly stream;
  But hark! the village bells methinks are ringing.

O merry bells, I ken ye know I've come,
  Ye wake so many memories which have slept,
Say, can ye tell me of my childhood's home,
  And if a history of the place is kept?

Ah! in the background swinging to and fro,
  Creaking and moaning as 'twere glad to tell,
The oldest fashioned sweep of long ago
  Is dangling over a moss-covered well.

And there's a bucket, let me take a drink;
  How sweet it tastes, will't bring me back my youth?
Or help me of the conscious past to think?
  Alas! I need not ask, I know the truth.

I linger near the place, as tho' a spell
  Had fallen on me, and I fain would weep,
Such strange emotions in my bosom swell;
  Is this reality or is it sleep?

Somewhere.

I see adown the shadows of long years,
The faint, dim outlines of a dreamy land,
And glit'ring thro' the pearly mist of tears,
There seem reflected on that far-off strand,
The keenest hopes and joys my life has known,
And silent griefs which I had borne alone.

I dreamed not that the passion of an hour,
Could leave its impress in the realm of space;
Or that an angel hand had skill and power,
The ideal picture of a life to trace,
And true to realistic thoughts and fears,
Preserve the record of the passing years.

We know not all the mysteries of earth,
Nor how with good and ill our lives are woven;
We cannot solve the secret of our birth,
Much less recall the sciences of heaven,
Nor what we saw and heard before we came;
We do not even know our former name.

SOMEWHERE.

And yet somewhere there must be silent force,
  Which acts upon the soul with subtle skill;
We cannot see the process of its course,
  Nor can we bend it to our feeble will;
But true to life, reflection there will be,
And sometime we shall know the mystery.

Then those who've suffered most, and silent kept,
  Will see in that bright mirror, heaven's blue,
How wrongs and evil doings which have slept,
  Will penetrate the heart of ages through;
And in the light of an eternal dawn,
Expose the pictures which this life has drawn.

THERE'S One above who watches o'er us all,
  Who even hears the lonely raven's cry.
He notes each little sparrow if it fall,
  And to the humble He is ever nigh.

Coquettish April.

Coquettish April comes with smiling face,
Bespangled with the dewdrops and the rain;
One moment laughing with a winsome grace,
With all her mocking and deceptive train,
Promising sunshine, seedtime, bud and bloom—
And then anon tossing her haughty head,
While breath of violets wafts a sweet perfume,
And o'er the land their welcome fragrance shed—
As if in recompense of mischief done,
Of promises unkept, vows unfulfilled;
From early morn until the set of sun,
Capricious as a naughty child self-willed.
The hues of many flowers adorn her way,
And rippling music of the brooks and rills
Keeps time while elves and fairies dance and play
In the sly nooks of verdure-covered hills.

She blows the dandelions in our very eyes,
And curls the stems, as playthings in her hands,
And laughs coquettishly at the surprise
Of those who wot not of her witching bands.

COQUETTISH APRIL.

She fans us with a south wind as a child,
  Then, like a tempest in a mad'ning gale,
She frowns, and moans, and shrieks in fury wild
  As tho' the fate of all the world to wail.

She has not grandeur, but forsooth she knows
  How to allure the wisest and the best;
And when at evening hour we seek repose,
  She oft disturbs our slumber and our rest.
By flashing lightnings, and the thunder's roar,
  And the commotion of "the powers that be,"
While cloud-bursts in their fierceness downward pour,
  Until the roseate light of morn we see.

So doth fair April herald in the spring,
  And seemingly delight to tease and vex;
Her wonderful allurements doth she bring,
  Sometimes to charm, but oft'ner to perplex.

The daffodils spring up beneath her feet,
  And with their hues the skies are mirrored oft;
The daisies, tulips, pansies, join to greet
  This maid of April with her smiles so soft:
Then covering herself with mantle green,
  She treadeth lightly over hill and plain;
But wheresoe'er her footsteps have been seen,
  We know her coming hath not been in vain.

She beareth lilies in her virgin breast,
And holds within her hands the sacred palm,
And on a Sabbath morn supremely blest,
When nature spreads abroad a peaceful calm,
Lo, she rehearses o'er the Savior's birth,
How in a lonely manger He was born;
His life, His mission, and His goings forth,
His advent on the Resurrection morn.
So blest is April with this jubilee,
No wonder that her moods are gay and sad,
For life o'er death then gained the victory,
On that fair morning all the earth was glad.

Stay yet a moment more and we shall see,
How full of passion is this timid maid.
She fills all nature with her songs of glee,
Then blushes, as a virgin half afraid
Of her own beauty and her loveliness;
Conscious of what she can but ill conceal,
Responding to each burst of tenderness,
She doth awake and all her charms reveal.
The bounding pulse of nature fuller thrills
When April comes, and melts the icy streams;
The gladness of "the everlasting hills"
O'er all the vales with bright resplendence beams.

COQUETTISH APRIL.

We call thee the coquette, for thou dost dare
More icy hearts to break than all the rest,
And leave them for the other maids to wear,
When thou hast put their mettle to the test.
Fair Cupid points at thee his winged dart,
But so enchanted is he with thy power,
He does not even wound thy maiden heart,
But whiles away with thee the potent hour.

A SWEET good-bye to loving friends and dear,
A fond adieu to meadows, groves and brooks,
Now other scenes the lonely heart must cheer,
Nor backward turn with one regretful look.

At Last.

THERE must be something we desire to gain,
A recompense for pacing to and fro;
Some sweet fruition which we would obtain,
Or greater wisdom, that we fain would know;
And this is why we toil on, and endure—
Do battle 'mid life's trials, storm and strife,
Because we feel that there is something sure,
That we shall find, within a higher life.

But heavy cares and burdens on our way
Confuse and weary us, and we forget
Oft-times the blessings given day by day,
The goal toward which our faces have been set;
Else we should onward press, stemming the stream,
Facing the current with an effort grand,
Nor sleep upon our oars, nor careless dream,
Lest we lose sight of Eden's promised land.

But in life's summer time so passing sweet,
When all around seems blooming gay with flowers;
We're apt to shrink from duties we should meet,
And linger dallying in wayside bowers,
Till we're reminded, by the setting sun,
That time for idlers will not, cannot wait,
And we resume the task erstwhile begun,
Perchance to murmur at our adverse fate.

Lucky if only sweets we gathered, while
We sought for pleasures on the broad highway;
For sometimes serpents charm us to beguile,
And lead our footsteps very far astray,
And we must wander in the wilderness
In doubt and fear, not knowing what to do—
The sweets we tasted turned to bitterness,
And thorns and briers pierce us through and through;

Till some good angel takes us by the hand,
Leading us out of sadness, darkness, night,
And we begin to see and understand
That we had wandered far from truth and light.
'Twere better if we never turned aside
But labored diligent with constant care,
Stern duty for our motto, faith our guide,
Patience our helpmeet, and our watchword prayer.

AT LAST.

Ye who are toiling on in youthful prime,
  See that ye sow some good, some precious seeds,
Or make some record that will be sublime,
  Engraven in the archives of good deeds;
For these alone true rest and peace can bring,
  A bounteous yielding from the harrowed past,
That will like glory round you ever cling,
  Diffusing happiness unto the last.

But if we would life's lesson wisely learn,
  And find that peace for which our spirits long,
The immortality for which we yearn,
  Then we must out of suff'ring grow more strong.
There is a something pure for which to live,
  There are bright sunbeams that will ever gleam,
And joys supreme, that heaven alone can give,
  That will exceed our fairest, brightest dream.

Christmas Eve.

On a Christmas Eve in the good old times,
When the young and the gay were strong and brave,
The churches pealed forth their musical chimes,
And the rich of their substance freely gave,
Of their right good cheer, and the welkin rang,
With "Peace on earth and good-will to man."

The castles so grand and the abbeys old,
Resounded with mirth from night until morn;
And the story of Bethlehem was told,
How lo! in a manger the Babe was born;
Even Christ, the Savior, greater than all,
Who came to redeem mankind from the fall.

And there gathered around the festive board,
The great and the noble of many a land,
And they feasted and sang and the music poured,
In flowing numbers and a measure grand;
And they danced to the rhythm of melody
In the halcyon days of chivalry.

Music and jest and laughter and song,
Filled the ancient halls, and the troubadour
Returned from the wars, would the night prolong
With his love-lorn tales of a foreign shore;
Of a passion that absence could not subdue,
And the ladies wept for a love so true.

Full often the minstrel who sung so well,
Was a bold, brave knight from the war returned;
In this simple disguise his love he would tell,
How while far away he had fondly yearned
For a maiden fair, whose colors he wore,
And whose faith was the shield he proudly bore.

Those were the days of the bold crusaders
Who fought like heroes, for fame and glory,
And freed their land from wicked invaders—
Their names are writ in romance and story;
How they fought in armor with spear and shield,
And the bravest fell on the battle field.

But since that time a change has been wrought
And men are the bravest who sue for peace,
"Good will" was the message the Savior brought,
And the time is coming when wars shall cease;
When the right shall triumph over the wrong,
And the weak confound the brave and the strong.

October.

The woods, and the fields, and the golden grain
Of the mellow and brown October,
And the purple hills and the furrowed plain,
Bring the days so sad and sober;
But the sigh and rustle of falling leaf
To the pensive mind is a sweet relief.

The sunset so grand in its flaming red,
Lights the hills with a wondrous glow;
Tho' the beauty of summer days has fled
And the winds of Autumn blow;
The frost has nipped the flowerets fair,
That we nursed and tended with so much care.

The beautiful vines that climbed so high,
And hung so graceful on wall and tower,
Are changing their colors, for ere they die
They bloom as bright as the gayest flower;
And we gaze and wonder so proud they seem,
While passing away like a summer dream.

OCTOBER.

On the mountain side and hills are seen
  The blazing sumach and maples red,
And a host of trees in their brilliant sheen
  Shimmer above where the flowers lie dead;
And a plaintive voice in the sobbing trees,
Mingles its tones with the passing breeze.

And what remaineth to tell the story
  Of the radiant flowers and happy days,
When the earth seemed crowned in robes of glory,
  And the song of nature like hymn of praise,
Trembled along o'er the verdant land,
And echoed afar on the ocean strand?

Why, the harvest—rich in its golden sheaves,
  And fruits the garden and orchard bring;
And the lesson taught by the withered leaves;
  They will live again in the breath of spring:
And though the days are so sad and sober
There's beauty and grace in brown October.

The Magic of Musical Echoes.

THERE's a strain of music afloat on the breeze
And its echoes with melody rise and swell;
Like a rhythm of fairies among the trees,
It enchants the soul with a weird-like spell
And the sweetest voices of long ago
Ring out on the evening air again,
And we pause as we think of time's swift flow,
As we listen to catch the low refrain.
The thoughts that come with that musical strain
Bring the past enrapt in a mystic light,
While the halo of memory once again
Beams dim o'er our path on a moonlit night,
Away in the dim and shadowy past,
Ere clouds had darkened the azure skies,
Our pulses were quick, and our hearts beat fast,
And earth in its beauty seemed Paradise.
The tender chords of the heart may be stirred
By a strain of sweet music soft and low
Repeating the echoes that erst were heard
From the depths of the years of long ago.

A lingering sweetness of cherished hours,
  Sweeps through our lives as we journey along,
As delicate perfume, from fragrant flowers,
  Or the melody of some long-lost song,
Which wakes in our souls, where remembrance stays
  The joys which e'en time can never outlive,
And in hours of pleasure or darkest days,
  A nameless charm doth its influence give.

Leaving Nauvoo.

Sad was the parting, weary was the way
  The Pilgrims trod while journeying along;
Many the hardships borne from day to day,
  And yet at eve the merry dance and song
The drooping spirits cheer'd, and hope grew bright;
  And when they knelt upon the ground to pray
They seemed to see a resting place in sight,
  And holy angels guarding all the way.

Midsummer.

'Tis midsummer time and the new-mown hay,
Lies fresh in the meadows over the way,
The breath of the cowslips and clover bloom
With the fragrant hay yield a sweet perfume,
And it wafts us back to the bygone days,
While memory's music around us plays;
And we e'en forget we are growing old,
As the past and its joyous scenes unfold.

There the girls and boys as they used to be,
Chatting and sporting in youthful glee;
The meadows resound with the merry shout
Of their voices so clearly ringing out
In laughter and song, as they rake the hay
In the sunshine bright on a July day;
And the broad fields are of their beauty shorn
As off to the barns the hay-loads are borne.

MIDSUMMER.

How many summers are over and gone!
How many dear ones and bright hopes have flown!
How oft the flowers have blossomed and died,
Since in midsummer time a happy bride
Left her home and friends and was borne away,
Just when the meadows were teeming with hay!
The roses and daisies their bloom had shed,
But juniper berries were ripe and red.

And the humming bird's nest swung in the breeze
From the verdant bough of the juniper trees;
And the happy lovers gazed on the nest,
And thought of the home they would make in the west;
As perfect and charming the home should be,
As the tiny thing swinging there from the tree—
Alas! for the bird, the nest, and the mate,
If 'twere left there alone to a cruel fate!

And when midsummer each year returns,
The bird for its mate instinctively yearns;
But the juniper tree, and the open door,
Are standing there now as they did of yore;
And the sunshine floods in amber and gold
The forests and meadows just as of old.
But we look in vain for a single token,
Of the lover's vows that there were spoken.

The Fourth of July.

A HUNDRED years or more, so long ago
That neither we nor any of us know,
Save what we're told in history's pages,
Or is handed down thro' patriot sages—
Upon this day made great by song and story,
Our brave forefathers in heroic glory,
Proclaimed the Declaration which has made
Our country free, and foreign powers dismay'd.

That declaration signed by famous men
Is our escutcheon, blazoned with a pen
In letters riven deep, whose meaning glows
In every heart where love of freedom flows.
And we are glad to celebrate the day,
Each anniversary, and our homage pay
To fair Columbia, and the flag so grand,
Which floats so proudly o'er this favored land.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

This land of liberty so dearly bought,
When for their rights our brave forefathers fought,
That we, their children, and others who might come,
To find in this broad land a happy home,
Might all enjoy the freedom God has given
To all mankind to worship Him in heaven
As seemeth good, no matter what the creed,
For every one best knoweth his own need.

And ever since where'er the flag is found,
On this proud day, the people gather round,
And beat the drums, and martial music play,
And march triumphantly the grand highway,
With flags and banners floating in the air,
And joyous shouts resounding everywhere;
While of Columbia's fame the people sing,
Until the echoes through the welkin ring.

The stars and stripes are hailed with great applause,
The simple heraldry of freedom's cause;
Long may they wave—we love these symbols pure—
While peace and plenty make our homes secure.
And the fair goddess who presides o'er all,
Sweet Liberty! O, may she never fall
From her high pedestal, but ever stand,
The guardian angel of this far-famed land.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Within these peaceful vales far in the West,
Guarded by sentinels with snow-white crest,
Are sons and daughters who the truth revere,
Born heirs to liberty, who know no fear;
They are the offspring of those noble sires,
Whose Pilgrim fathers kindled freedom's fires;
Far in the East they lit the sacred shrine,
And lo! its glory in the West doth shine.

And on this glorious day we celebrate
The Independence which has made us great;
With gratitude to God our bosoms swell,
We know "Our Father" doeth all things well;
And He our country's honor will defend,
He is the God of battle, and the Friend
Of those who trust in His Almighty care,
And victory giveth, so His words declare.

And we acknowledge His All-powerful Hand
Is over all in this and every land;
And while we yield obedience to His laws,
He will protect us, and uphold our cause;
Will give us peace, and homes wherein to dwell,—
He is the God who favors Israel.
So let us live we can the blessings claim,
Which He has promised us thro' Jesus' name.

Autumnal Musings.

In the soft September gloaming,
All my fancies set to roaming,
  Over hill and dale and mountain;
And I felt the mellowed splendor
Of the twilight faint and tender,
  And I heard the rippling fountain,

With the music of its measure,
As it leaped and sung for pleasure,
  Filling all the air with gladness;
And its songs from tuneful voices,
Songs in which the world rejoices,
  Soothed my soul with tearful sadness.

In my garden full of sweetness,
At the evening's rich completeness,
  While the stars their watch were keeping,
Came the muse, of which aforetime
I had dreamed throughout the night time;
  And she found me pale and weeping.

In a dainty, plaintive fashion,
Breathing forth both love and passion,
  Came the fairy-footed maiden
Sweeping 'cross the star-lit meadow,
Gray and quiet, as a shadow,
  Yet with human hopes o'erladen.

And the Autumn boughs were sighing,
And the scarlet leaves were dying,
  Like lost hopes, which they betoken.
Oh, ye fragrant buds and blossoms,
Gathered closely to our bosoms!
  Here ye lie, all crushed and broken.

And we know not if the morrow
Shall bring promis'd joy or sorrow
  For the love that's past revealing,
That lies quivering, aching, sobbing,
Every nerve and pulse, keen throbbing,
  And its bitterness concealing.

Quoth the muse, "Love never faileth,
Though the human heart bewaileth
  Idols broken, fragments scattered!
They were only true in seeming,
And ye worshiped them while dreaming,
  But on waking find them shattered."

Still the memory of those hours,
That we passed in Eden's bowers,
  When our hearts and hopes were lightest,—
Are around our pathway clinging,
And a thousand voices singing
  Of the promises grown brightest.

The delicious days of autumn,
With the winds so weird and solemn,
  Bring the fondest recollections
Of the music which was sweetest,
Of the happiness completest,
  And the tenderest affections.

The harpstrings may be shattered,
And the rose-leaves may be scattered,
  But the mem'ry still remaineth;
And the love that we have cherished,
And the hope that we have nourished,
  The immortal soul retaineth.

Shadow-Land.

Tell me of shadow-land with its strange seeming,
Its doubts and its mysteries looming afar?
In vision I see the pale light of its gleaming,
Like the glimmering ray from some beautiful star,
That allures me and points to a land undefined,
A realm co-extensive with that of the mind.

Oh, what is this longing, this yearning to know?
This germ of an impulse we cannot restrain?
And why should it haunt me and follow me so,
If the quest it awakens is fruitless and vain?
Nay, I feel that beyond the scope of my dreaming,
The star of intelligence onward is streaming.

I call in the night-time for strength from on high,
To open the flood-gates of knowledge for me.
I wait, and I listen, but only the sigh
Of the murmuring winds, in quaint melody,
Chants the song of my heart, tho' its music is clear,
We've lived heretofore in some loftier sphere.

I know by the pain that I cannot express,
By the feeling of loss, deep down in my heart,
That there is a *talisman* we should possess,
To open the gates of the mansions apart,
And show us the future, as well as the past
Thro' rainbows of beauty the shadows have cast.

HOW beautiful in youth the golden dreams,
That love and fancy to our vision bring:
With what bright radiance all the future gleams,
While we just taste at the Pierian spring!

HOW buoyant are the hopes that youth inspires!
Yea, rich in faith this land of fairy dreams,
Wherein one cherishes such fond desires
That all the future bright with promise seems.

Real and Ideal.

At times sweet visions float across my mind,
And glimpses of the unknown bright and fair,
Where all the objects seem so well defined—
Tasteful in color and in beauty rare,
That I must pause, and think if they be real,
Or only what the poets call ideal.

I well remember when a little child
I had these same strange, wand'ring fancies;
And I was told my thoughts were running wild,
That I must not indulge in such romances,
Wasting in idle dreams the precious hours,
Building air-castles and gazing from the towers.

E'en then I seemed to see familiar things,
Pertaining to a dim uncertain past;
And to my recollection fondly clings
A sense of something which the shadows cast,
That showed me what my future life should be—
A prophecy as 'twere of destiny.

REAL AND IDEAL.

There was an intuition in my heart,
  An innate consciousness of right and wrong,
That bade me choose a wiser, "better part,"
  Which in rough places helped to make me strong;
And though my path was oft bereft of beauty,
Still urged me on to fulfill every duty.

O, happy childhood, bright with faith and hope,
  Enchantment dwells within thy rosy bowers,
And rainbow tints gild all within thy scope,
  And youth sits lightly on a bed of flowers,
His cup of happiness just brimming o'er,
Unconscious of what life has yet in store!

What glowing aspirations fill the mind,
  Of noble work designed for men to do!
What purity of purpose here we find—
  What longings for the beautiful and true!
Ere know we of the toil, the grief and woe,
Or dream that men and women suffer so.

Though all along life's weary, toilsome way,
  We meet with disappointments hard to bear,
Yet strength is given equal to our day,
  And joy is of'nest mixed with pain and care;
But let us not grow weary in well-doing,
Still persevere, the upward path pursuing.

Thus ever struggle on, 'mid doubts and fears,
While changing scenes before our gaze unfold,
Till through the vista of long, weary years,
We see heaven's sunshine thro' its gates of gold;
And feel assured it is an answering token,
Aye! though our earthly idols have been broken.

Tho' those we've cherished most have been untrue,
And fond and faithful ones have gone before,
Still let us keep the promises in view,
Of those who're pleading on "the other shore"—
Whose tender messages are with us yet,
The words of love we never can forget.

And while we muse and ponder, shadows fall,
And a sweet spirit whispers, "Peace be still."
What of the past—'tis now beyond recall;
The future we with usefulness may fill.
Yet sometimes we shall find in regions real
Those dreams fulfilled we only term ideal.

Sonnet.

I sit in the shadows and twilight,
Peering through the deep mists of the grey,
To the years that long since swept away;
Till around falls the silence of midnight.
But a vision has dawned on my sight,
And has shown me a path o'er the way,
To the flood-gates of infinite day;
Tired footsteps at last guided right.
Sweet music floats o'er me uplifting;
Strong barriers of doubt cleave apart;
Pale light the dense darkness is rifting,
Tears of rapture unconsciously start,
And memory's wavelets are drifting
To the innermost depths of my heart.

Ode to June.

O GENTLE, tender, rosy, blushing June,
How fair thou art, how beautiful and bright!
And sweet the music of that wondrous tune
That nature sings for thee, both day and night;
Sings ere the morning dawn lights up the day,
When the lone star its faithful vigil keeps,
And on and on, through early morning grey,
While the tired world in peaceful slumber sleeps.
Then, when the sun in splendor doth appear,
And golden light with blue and purple blends,
Myriads of birds, in chorus sweet and clear,
Join nature's anthem, which to heaven ascends;
And o'er the valleys fair, and on the heights,
Where foot of man perchance has never trod,
There rests a glory that the sunshine lights,
Bearing the impress of the works of God.

Flowers of the garden, and of wood and field,
Burst into beauty in their bright array;
A silent power o'er human hearts they wield,
And light with joy the dark and lonely way.

ODE TO JUNE.

Roses of June; a charm within them dwells,
To shed their fragrance over all the land,
And this alone a subtle story tells,
If we the mystery could understand.

O, halcyon time, when June and roses sweet
Gladden the world for those who nature love,
For then her beauty seemeth most complete,
The earth is fair and heaven smiles above;
And all day long the zephyrs waft perfume,
Grateful as echoes of an old-time song;
While flowers of every kind spring into bloom,
And birds and brooks sweet melody prolong.
E'en lovers' voices soft and low are heard,
With all the tenderness and grace of youth,
Pouring forth rapture in each whispered word,
Pledging their vows of constancy and truth.
These are the tributes of thy sunny hours,
Yea, hearts made glad with all thy loveliness,
Birds, brooks and sunshine, tender words and flowers,
Add much of joy to human happiness.
Not these alone, for in our heart of hearts,
The June of love and faith and trust we keep,
Which confidence and hope in God imparts—
A living fountain, pure and clear and deep.

ODE TO JUNE.

As June's sweet harmonies our pulses thrill,
And all our souls respond with freshness new,
So shall we to diviner music still
Pour forth those symphonies to nature true;
And though dark shadows cross our onward way,
Or winter winds blow fierce, and wild, and strong,
That heavenly music nature sings to-day
Will lift our souls to God in rapturous song.

O, joyful June! twin-sister thou of love,
From realms enchanted comest thou each year,
O'er all the earth in sportive grace to rove,
Waving thy fairy wand both far and near,
With which thou turnest one more golden page,
In the great volume of increasing years,
Wherein the history of every age
Since time began till time shall cease appears!

O, June of life, and tenderness of youth,
What guerdon leavest thou of pleasant hours;
What precious treasures, or what gems of truth
Are garnered in the hearts of those rare flowers
Of love and friendship, that once bloomed for thee—
Say, didst thou cherish for the coming time,
In hope and faith, and loving constancy,
These sacred gifts, so heavenly and sublime?

The Lily.

TO L. T. F.

Lovely lily in the springtime,
  Daintily its leaves unfold;
How prophetic is its coming
  After winter's frost and cold;
Gently, tenderly appealing
  To the stubborn human will,
Giving promise of the summer
  The Creator will fulfill.

Clothed in beauty by its Maker,
  Graceful lily blooming fair,
Swaying in a jaunty fashion
  In the soft and balmy air;
Wild upon the heath or mountain,
  Lilies blossom here and there
Simply by the power of nature,
  Without aught of toil or care.

Yet the rarest, purest lilies,
Those which please us most I know
Are the ones we nurture kindly
And consider how they grow.
We all know one charming Lily,
That has need of constant care;
Fragile, delicate and tender,
Though her mind is rich and rare.

Choicest lilies bloom at Easter,
So I've heard wiseacres say;
Emblems of the resurrection,
And significant, alway,
Of the pure, the chaste, and holy,
Yea in every land and clime,
And the sayings of the Savior
Make the lily seem sublime.

Just when Easter lilies blossomed,
And the fields were fair to view,
Our sweet Lily came from heaven
With a welcome warm and true;
And in truth she had a mission
Corresponding to her name,
And with purity of motive,
She will magnify the same.

THE LILY.

Fold not up the talents given
To improve while here on earth,
Consecrate them to a purpose
That shall be of priceless worth.
Though you toil not, nor yet spin,
There is other work to do,
And a wise and loving Father,
Will reveal it unto you.

The Voice of the Mountains.

I HAVE heard it in the night-time, when the vales were
fast asleep,
And a presence hushed and holy did a solemn vigil keep;
Oft I listened to the music of a voice so sweet and low,
Such as angels might have whispered to a loved one here
below;
And it spake to me in volumes of the life which is to come,
Of the heights and depths of sorrow, ere we reach our
Father's home.

And again in roaring thunders, as the storm swept on its
course,
While the fury of the tempest shrieked with its utmost
force;
But the silent watchers near me heeded not the voice at all,
Though my heart was beating wildly, so intense and shrill
the call.
And I knew that there was meaning in the voice that spake
to me,
For it stirred the inmost depths of my life's tumultuous
sea.

Ah! I listen to those voices while my heart with rapture thrills,
And I long to fly and scale the heights of those everlasting hills;
But though fancy bears me upward, and my spirit takes its flight,
And I stand as 'twere in vision, entranced with pure delight,
Yet I cannot reach the hilltops; they still stretch an endless chain,
And higher yet and farther off the summits I would gain.

When the moon in silver splendor rises o'er the Wasatch peaks,
In pathetic tones most tender, with true eloquence it speaks—
This voice from out the mountain, hear ye not its mellowing notes,
As around the sleeping valley its deep music softly floats?
Let us catch the inspiration, as it cometh from above,
And repeat it to the world again in songs of trust and love.

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

In the caverns of the mountains, in the bowels of the deep,
What mysteries past, what treasures vast, what generations sleep!
Is it marvelous that bursting forth the waters break in song,
And tell the tales of ages gone, as they reckless dash along?
Or in the shrieking cataracts leaping on forevermore,
A wilder legend give us, in their madly deafening roar?

Yes, life is full of mysteries, ever mingling with our dreams,
And the earth hath many voices; O, how wonderful it seems,
That this music so melodious should move the world to tears,
And forevermore the echoes go resounding through the years—
A Psalm of earth's full choruses, swelling out from shore to shore,
Ringing down the grooves of ages, until time shall be no more.

And while I listen rapture-bound the hills break forth in singing,
And through the mountain passes deep the joyous notes are ringing;
Yea ever and anon they swell, with passion's deepest feeling,
All life's emotions, hidden fires and ecstacy revealing,
And softer then and sadder strains with sobs and groans and weeping;
Until my soul is wrought with pains; while all around are sleeping.

Fancy's Panorama.

I see within the shadows of past years,
A panorama all unrolled to view,
In many places blurred with woman's tears,
But life-like in its outlines clear and true;
Visions of wildest fancies come and go,
And whispering of some dear delicious hours;
And soft and deep and musical the flow
Of memory's river murm'ring mid life's bowers.
How silently we summon to our aid
The monitors then wont to be our guide,
And where our weary feet 'mong brambles stray'd,
And sorely in our anguish we were tried;
Stern duty was our motto, and we sought
To tread the narrow path, and trust in God,
Braving life's battles though with perils fraught,
And bowing meekly 'neath the chast'ning rod
Till brighter grew the way as years rolled on;
The light beamed up where all before was dark,
And well we deemed it that some toil was done,
E'en though accomplished by a glim'ring spark.

FANCY'S PANORAMA.

'Tis pleasant thus to contemplate at times,
The pictures which remembrance conjures up,
List'ning to echoing bells of long-lost chimes,
Though seemingly we drain the bitter cup,
'Tis but in thought, and life looks fairer still,
By contrast of those ills and griefs and fears;
And we grow stronger duties to fulfill
In all the changes of the coming years.

Thoughts and Memories of a Summer Hour.

Memory is busy in her haunted bower,
Clad with bright thoughts the senses to beguile,
So softly falls the touch of passing hour
That dreamy fancies linger near the while.

I hear soft voices murm'ring low and sweet,
I feel the touch of gentle hands again;
And in the shadow of some lone retreat,
I e'en forget I ever suffered pain.

Tears fall and mingle with the pearly dew,
And flowers spring up afresh where all was drear;
And something whispers of a life more true,
Where perfect love will reign devoid of fear.

There seems a rapture in the summer breeze,
Borne from some region ever bright and fair;
How lovingly it plays amid the trees,
Breathing "enchantment in the azure air."

MEMORIES OF A SUMMER HOUR.

O, memory of the years now past away,
Buried and dead, but living still in thought;
Nature was then as prescient as today,
And her conceptions were as grandly wrought.

Earth robed herself as queenly then as now,
And summer mantled field, and hill, and plain,
And garlanded with flowers her blushing brow,
And wreathed her sceptre with the golden grain.

Yes, other summers have in glory woke,
And sunshine flooded nature with its kiss;
But time's relentless hand the spell has broke,
Though earth were in an ecstacy of bliss.

In the weird rustle of the falling leaves,
There is a sadness touching to the heart,
For summer her departing glory grieves,
Yet nobly doth she with her treasures part.

She sighs her requiem to the passing breeze;
All nature joins her in the mournful strain;
A thousand echoes whisper in the trees
Repeating o'er and o'er the sad refrain.

And is there in our hearts no sad regret,
No memories of the last year's falling leaves?
Shall we the sweetness of the past forget?
Or glean and garner it in memory's sheaves,

Where fancy's magic wand can recreate,
And live again the happy seasons o'er—
Food for the mind, 'gainst bitter adverse fate,
Harvest of thoughts to gladden evermore?

Bishop Edward Hunter.

(Addressed to Him on His Eighty-Sixth Birthday.)

We hail thee, as the hero of the day!
A veteran in integrity and truth,
An honest man, thy friends and neighbors say,
Of sterling principle from early youth.
Well hast thou fought life's battle brave and strong,
Nor turned aside for honor or for fame,
But valiantly contended 'gainst the wrong;
And thus secured a grand and noble name.
Among the chosen people of the Lord
Thy lot was cast, while yet in manhood's prime;
And through obedience to the Gospel word,
The record of thy life is made sublime.
Thou wert a Pilgrim in the noble band,
Who sought the desert that they might be free;
And in this barren and deserted land,
Hoped to gain peace, and rest, and liberty.

And thou hast seen now four-score years and more,
Filled up in honor and in usefulness;
And God has blest thy basket and thy store,
And multiplied thy days of happiness.
Thine is a noble mission here below—
To succor the distressed, and feed the poor,
To comfort those whose lives are fraught with woe,
And help them in their trials to endure.

Toil on, faint not, nor weary of the strife,
Thy days are bright with mem'ry of good deeds;
And in the evening of thy precious life,
Still minister to others in their needs;
So shalt thou lay thy treasures up in heaven,
An earnest of the life that is to be;
And through the revelations God has given,
We comprehend in that eternity,
Where we shall meet our loved ones gone before,
There's no more parting, no more doubts and fears;
And when we pass to that eternal shore,
We'll cast aside the burden of our years.
Renewed in spirit then, and freed from ill,
With all the faithful ones who've gone before,
Thou wilt be laboring in thy mission still:
And so progressing onward evermore.

Shadows and Whisperings.

A FAINT, soft shadow flits across my mind,
And thrills me with a gentle tenderness;
Wakening a memory only half defined,
A trace perchance of vanished happiness;
I try to call it up, but cannot tell,
And yet 'tis something I have known full well.

My thoughts go back to places where I've strolled,
And gaze into the faces known in youth;
I wander round the scenes so dear of old,
To seek the vision out, and find its truth;
Alas, I search in vain each much loved spot,
It still eludes me, still I find it not.

It often cheers me in my saddest hours,
And if in doubt my feelings wildly stray,
I feel most strongly then its charmed powers,
Just like an angel-presence round my way;
Gently it comes and whispers, "Peace be still,"
O, doubting heart, abide the Father's will.

Oh, bliss of heaven on earth we may not know,
For dusky fall the shadows of tomorrow;
Whate'er the talisman, for sin or woe,
Life's cup is tarnished with a silent sorrow;
But we shall know when this poor life is past,
The secret of the shadows that are cast.

I sometimes think I must have lived before,
In a much brighter, fairer world than this;
That I have stepped from that enchanted shore,
As though I woke from out a dream of bliss,
Where soft hands lingered in a fond caress
Upon my head, to soothe me, and to bless;

As if a shadowing of recompense,
Had followed me from out that home afar,
For in my heart remains a partial sense
Of a bright realm with "golden gates ajar,"
And through the portals of the glorious way,
Perhaps there streams to earth a heavenly ray.

'Tis strange these dim, mysterious shadowings
Should seem to mock us with half-confidence;
Puzzling as with their distant whisperings,
The music of an unknown utterance,
That yearning human hearts must ever feel,
Longing for knowledge that will all reveal.

Eventide.

It was in the summer gloaming,
The soft, sweet, purple gloaming,
When the paler rays of sunset blended with the shadows gray,
And the fragrance of the flowers was heavy in the air,
And the silver threads of twilight whitened all along the way,
Till a ghost-like stillness stole over all the landscape fair,
That we wandered in the garden,
The grand, old-fashioned garden.

Ah, 'twas in the subtle gloaming,
The weird, entrancing gloaming,
When the shadows deepen'd darker, and the stars began to shine,
And one felt the heart of nature in its gentlest, tend'rest hour,
That we pledged our troth together where the roses intertwine,
And we reveled in the realms of fancy's potent power,
While we sauntered in the garden,
The dear, old, homely garden.

What was whispered in the gloaming,
The dim, uncertain gloaming,
In that murmur'd undertone that falls so softly on the ear,
While it swept along the rose-trees like the flutter of a wing,
Ling'ring down among the grasses as a presence ever near,
Left a charm for years to come, like a precious, living thing;
Aye, for years 'twas in the garden,
The rude, neglected garden.

Oft at even, in the gloaming,
The vague and solemn gloaming,
Have I listen'd for the echo of that whisper 'mid the flowers;
Rich and mellow were the tones, like music soft and low,
And my happy heart made answer in those dreamy, summer hours,
As we vowed to love each other in that far-off long-ago;
In the shadowy, old garden,
The dear, enchanted garden.

And still the purple gloaming,
The fair, deceitful gloaming,

EVENTIDE.

Comes forever with the summer, just the same at eventide,
With the memories that haunt me of the beautiful and bright,
And the glory of the hours, that will evermore abide,
In the soul of one who waits through the dark and stormy night,
For the promise in the garden,
The dear, sweet, dreamy garden.

It is sweeter in the gloaming,
The calm and tranquil gloaming,
To recall the happy memories that around our hearts entwine;
While we are young and ardent the future seems so bright—
We could not dream that sorrow would shatter love's fair shrine,
Or that darkness, sad and dreary, could follow its delight—
When we lingered in the garden,
The balmy, fragrant garden.

But tho' in the summer gloaming,
The strange, fantastic gloaming,
We only see faint shadows, in a dim, unreal way,
Or waken old-time echoes, as from a far-off shore,

Yet we know to those who're faithful there will dawn a
roseate day,
A glorious tomorrow that will last forevermore,
In that fair, Elysian garden,
The first primeval garden.

SHE wandered fancy free o'er hill and dale,
Or lingered lovingly beside the brook;
This little wood-nymph of the lowly vale,
Culling wild flowers from every sheltered nook.

That Little Brook.

That little brook beside my childhood's home,
Rippling and warbling as it danced along,
What ferns and mosses grew around its brink!
The picture haunts me wheresoe'er I roam,
Methinks I listen to its sweet, old song,
And once again its cooling waters drink.

That winding brook flowed through a hemlock grove,
As fair as "Eden's bowers" to me it seem'd,
Sweet wild-wood flow'rs in every shady nook
Grew 'neath those trees; there I was wont to rove,
Or on the moss-grown rocks I idly dream'd,
And listened to the babbling of the brook.

The birds sang sweeter in those happy days,
Their music thrill'd my soul with melody,
As pensively I wander'd by that brook,
Amid the graces of those woodland ways,
And pondered o'er my future destiny,
Till life itself seemed one delightful book.

A Fragment.

I ONLY place my hand in thine, and all my pulses thrill
to thee;
An indefinable, transporting joy, which lifts my soul in
ecstacy;
Some charmed spell which life invigorates,
A potent power that wakens tenderness,
And truest comfort doth to me impart,
An intuition of my woman's heart
Which seems of some lost love a counterpart,
And adds its joy to *human* happiness.

The pent-up fountains of my inner life gush tenderly to
thee;
Thou callest from out the deep recesses of my soul sweet
sympathy;
I'm launched as 't were into a maze of doubt—
I seem in retrospection's cloudy land,
And misty phantoms shift and change to view,
And all the sombre past wears violet hue,
And shadowy forms appear which erst I knew,
While I sit silently and hold thy hand.

A FRAGMENT.

Methinks I wander dreamily 'mid bowers of roses without thorns,
And e'en the air is conscious with the beauty which the scene adorns;
And rippling brooks make music in my ears,
And lightest zephyrs whisper 'mid the trees,
As though the fairy elves made holiday,
And witching charms of nature's melody
Envelop every sense in mystery,
And subtlest perfumes float upon the breeze.

Thus wrapt with silence as a mantle round my soul, thoughts come and go,
And answering echoes from the distant past seem rippling soft and low;
And all the while I feel the mystic touch
That brings such harmony of sight and sound;
And charity and love my bosom swell,
With that intensity no tongue can tell,
And thy bright presence vivifies the spell—
And I am treading on enchanted ground.

Thou'rt gone! the vision's fled, and moon and stars are dull, and sober night
Reigns all around in darkened robes, and mocks as 'twere my lost delight;

A FRAGMENT.

And then some pitying angel softly speaks:
"Mortal, 'twas but a glimpse of love and heaven;
Back now to earth and thorny paths again,
Stern duty holds thee with a tightened rein,
Plod on and strive some victory to obtain,
And love eternal will to thee be given."

FAITH that alone can stand the heaving tide
Of fond emotions in the human heart,
Can sacrifice ambition, vanquish pride,
And conquer love, must be of heaven a part.

At Evening.

How softly falls the evening shadows pale,
Golden and purple sunsets blend and fade;
Night robes earth quietly with mantling veil,
And peace and rest the gentle hour pervade.
Great nature soothing with her potent power,
Breathes to the world-worn heart her sympathy,
And 'mid the tranquil of such spell-bound hour
The memories of the past steal tenderly.
Athwart the scene, the moon with golden trail,
As erst with pitying glance and mellowed light,
Sweeps through the empty space with steady sail,
And floods with beauty the enchanted night.
It is the hour for sweet and tender thought,
And whisperings of the life that is to be;
And Faith and Trust with holy impulse fraught,
Speak to the soul in nature's poetry—
Unconscious of ourselves we yield to sleep,
And bright-robed beings round our couches stray,
In sacred stillness, holy vigils keep,
And night assumes the sceptre of her sway.

April.

In the meadows, valleys, forests, there and everywhere,
Steals across the mind and senses like the breath of prayer,
An all-conscious silent token that the spring has come,
And a buoyancy of spirit gladdens heart and home;
For the sun shines brighter,
Human hearts are lighter,
And the birds sing sweeter,
In the rosy dawning
Of the April morning.

It is the youthful jubilance of the new-born year,
Brightening earth with smiles and refreshing it with tears,
Pouring forth sweet songs of praise in nature's verdant bowers,
And with fresh life imbuing trees and shrubs and flowers,
Breathing life and gladness
Into hearts of sadness;
Soothing with a rareness,
Born of dews and showers,
Garnered in the flowers.

APRIL.

Balmy breath of fragrant April's ever-lengthening days,
Throbbing pulses bounding faster with its sunny rays,
Clouds and sunshine ever playing as with smiles and tears,
Symbols of life's passages through the shadowed years.

Faith in God doth April bring,
For it ushers in the spring,
When new life is on the wing;
Mornings all ablaze with splendor
Fade to evenings pale and tender.

CHILDHOOD how passing sweet its radiant hours,
The loves and friendships of our early youth;
Enchantment dwells within its fairy bowers
Adorned with gems of purity and truth.

Sweet Memories.

Sweet memories come in visions of the night,
And banish sleep and thrill us through and through.
Till every pulse throbs with a wild delight,
And scenes forgotten burst upon our view—
Strange fancies hold us by a magic power,
Then fade away as fades the summer flower.

We clasp the hands of those now long since dead,
And press our lips to theirs in kisses sweet;
Deserted paths and by-gone places tread,
And hand in hand familiar faces greet.
'Tis but a moment and the vision's flown,
And we are left bewildered and alone.

We gather wild flowers in the fragrant vale,
Meanwhile the blue-bird sings and soars away,
The low-voiced thrush pours forth her plaintive tale,
As lone in silent reverie we stray
With thoughts subdued and eyes suffused with tears,
As we recall these scenes of other years.

SWEET MEMORIES.

Anon we wander by a winding brook;
Close to its edge the fern and moss still clings;
And in the self-same sheltered, shady nook
The lonely whippoorwill disconsolate sings
The long night through, bemoaning his sad fate,
As those who bowed in sorrow wail and wait.

In the low meadows 'mong the clover bloom,
Where buttercups and daisies nod and sigh—
And the soft air is laden with perfume,
A moment we are lost in ecstasy;
We mingle with companions of our youth,
Till conscious of the sad and bitter truth—

That they are gone and this a waking dream,
Wherein our fancy revels to deceive.
And yet so perfect all these visions seem
That we half-doubting gladly would believe
That youth and love and buoyant hopes were ours,
And chilling frosts ne'er nipped life's fairest flowers.

Sweet memories of our busy life a part,
Rifting the clouds that hang around our way,
And gently whispering to the human heart,
Hope on and bear the burden of today:

Shrink not from trials that are hard to bear,
For life has many blessings rich and rare.

The lonely wanderer in a foreign land,
  Far from his home and those he loves the best,
In memory sees again the household band,
  And in the vision feels supremely blest;
Full well he knows the old familiar place
And gazes lovingly upon each face.

Thus soothed, unconsciously he sinks to sleep,
  Breathing as 'twere a blessing and a prayer
That angel sentinels may vigil keep
  Around the home where his fond treasures are;
And softly in his dreams he seems to hear
Voices of absent loved ones murm'ring near.

Thus retrospectively we turn and gaze
  Into the regions of the shadowy past;
And analyze our lives through every phase,
  Wond'ring what horoscope could have been cast,
When first was ushered in our hour of birth,
To fill the mission taken here on earth.

SWEET MEMORIES.

Ah, me! what matters it that we inquire
  Into the past or search the paths we've trod,
'Tis knowledge of the future we desire,
  And grace divine to bear the chast'ning rod;
Acknowledging His hand in good or ill,
While daily toils and duties we fulfill.

Yet, harder still would be our earthly lot,
  If the sweet mem'ries of life's golden hours—
The brightest and the best, were all forgot,
  The perfume taken from the fairest flowers,
That bloom along our toilsome, weary way,
And scatter fragrance round us day by day.

WEIRD fancies do possess us now and then,
  And even child-life has its history;
Which older grown we fain recall again,
  Remembering how sweet its mystery.

Meditation.

My soul has gone forth in its wandering,
To the hills that are purple with light;
Those temples that tower everlasting,
In their majesty, grandeur and might.
And I list to the voices eternal,
That have sung thro' the ages of time,
And I bask in the visions supernal,
That uplift me to regions sublime.

In the solitude grand and imposing,
In the vastness of infinite space,
Are new mysteries ever unfolding,
Our wisdom is powerless to trace;
But I gaze with a fond admiration,
On the heavens, the earth and the sea,
Till I'm lost in intense contemplation
Of the beauteous life yet to be.

MEDITATION.

And a spirit within me is whispering
  Of the past with its wonderful scenes,
And around me such fancies are clustering
  As one seeth in visions and dreams
And I see not alone the majestic,
  Which the beauties of nature unfold.
But I float in the realms of the mystic
  Of which poets and sages have told.

And in songs and in language entrancing,
  Like echoes from myriads of spheres,
Soft the footsteps of time are advancing,
  With a melody old as the years.
And the few who interpret the meaning
  Of the music so wondrously sweet,
With the heights and the depths intervening
  Feel the pulse of the universe beat.

And forever and ever unfailing,
  Is the wealth of that infinite love,
Through all life, and all being pervading,
  Which proceeds from our Father above.
But the life-giving means is the marvel,
  The mystery past knowledge and skill.
No man can the secret unravel;
  It abideth in God at His will.

Beautiful June.

Bright, beautiful June with thy long pleasant days,
Thy sunshine and languor, and soft, dreamy ways,
All blushing and glowing and radiant in bloom,
Bathing mountain and meadow and vale with perfume!
What a world of buds, of blossoms and flowers,
In the sweet month of June is this fair earth of ours!

The glory that rests on the mountains and hills,
And music of rivers and fountains and rills,
The song of the robin and coo of the dove
Inspiring emotions of tenderest love—
These burst forth in freshness all sweetly attune,
To greet with glad welcome the young maiden June.

Old lichened woods, with their dark, living green,
And blushing June roses, that gladden the scene;
While the live-long night thro' the sweet nightingale
Pours forth its rich music in some lonely vale,
A tale of love's mystery, its pain and its grief,
A musical triumph affording relief—

BEAUTIFUL JUNE.

To all who are mourning in sorrow and tears
Or whose hearts are bowed down with the burden of years,
There is rapture that thrills in the song and the hour,
And in dreams that steal o'er us with magical power,
While shadowy fancies around us oft stray,
Till the larks and the swallows will welcome the day.

Then again the dear earth is clothed in its light,
And June the young princess is crowned with delight.
Her sceptre a garland of loveliest flowers,
And proudly she reigns in the midst of earth's bowers,
And wherever her daintiest footsteps have trod,
She has left there an impress that tells us of God.

The Fairy Mother.

I SAT me down tonight to sing a song,
A Christmas song of other days methought;
The wind was blowing furiously along—
And as the muse beseechingly I sought,
I heard some voices whispering soft and low,
And then I listened, curious you know!

Ah, well-a-day, I thought, perchance I'll hear
Some fancy for my song, some secret spell;
A fairy may be lingering very near,
Or blithesome wind some wondrous tale may tell;
A little story one can weave in rhyme,
And sing to children at the Christmas time.

And as I pondered, lo, a change of scene—
Yet the bold wind kept up its music, too;
And now with Santa Claus, a radiant queen
Enters the room, robed in a sapphire blue;
He with his furs, and baskets loaded down,
She simply clad in cloak and flowing gown.

I wondered why she went about like this,
And kept herself forever by his side;
And on her face a smile of restful bliss,
So chaste and pure, 't was like a virgin bride;
But all the while she walked with noiseless feet,
Till Santa Claus had made his work complete.

And as she wandered through each silent room,
On tiptoe, quietly her task to fill,
A magic light dispelled the former gloom;
And here and there, she scattered at her will
Rare sweets, and beauties, with her gentle hand,
And hummed a song I could not understand.

Sometimes I thought its meaning very sad,
Yet with the light in those expressive eyes,
I knew it must be full of promise glad;
And ever and anon she looked so wise,
As glancing up and down she went about,
Till Santa Claus was ready to go out.

And then she shut the door, and down she knelt,
Praying to God for wisdom and for grace.
I thought I knew what she that moment felt;
But light and glory shone upon her face,
When she arose, and viewed each shining head,
Nestled so closely in its downy bed.

THE FAIRY MOTHER.

O, angel-mothers, in your homes tonight,
Let every word be like a fairy pearl,
To shine in after years forever bright—
A talisman, to every boy and girl,
To bind them closer to the hearth and home,
Whether on land or sea they yet may roam!

IN youth's sweet spring-time, O how grand and true,
The aspirations of a fresh young heart;
And the bright vision fancy opes to view,
Strange forecasts of the future life impart.

A Tribute of Respect,

To Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Whitney, on her 74th birthday, Dec. 26, 1874.

Mother in Israel; honored most and best;
Of saint or woman all the noblest traits possessed;
A mind and heart innately pure, chaste and refined,
Such as Dame Nature scarcely ever has combined;
Sound in thy judgment, in thy faith sincere,
In womanly perfection almost without a peer;
Under the Prophet's hand ordained and set apart,
To bless, to counsel and instruction to impart
To all who in humility thy blessing seek;
To comfort those who mourn, strengthen the weak
With words most precious, that should cherished be
As pearls of wisdom, rich with grace and charity.
Within thy soul a living fountain flows,
Diffusing light and peace, content and sweet repose.
Yet through affliction dark and deep thy path has lain,
Thy bosom has been pierced with keenest, sharpest pain,
And thou in meekness, patience and the fear of God
Acknowledged still His hand beneath the chast'ning rod;
Trusting the promise by revelation given,
A testimony sure of thy reward in heaven.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

A widow many long and lonely years hast been,
Protected, strengthened, comforted by the "Unseen,"
Whose hand has led thee, and whose voice is clear,
Who, to the widow's prayer, still lends a listening ear.
Thine hands have ministered unto a prophet's need,
In days when friends were few, and thou, a friend indeed;
Raised up, inspired as 't were, to help in ushering forth,
Those principles, which in their embryo and birth,
Struggled against tradition, and the creeds of men,
At fearful odds, to bring the priesthood back again.
Honored forever be thy name, for truest worth;
And hallowed, the propitious day that gave thee birth.
Where'er thy name is known, they speak thy praise;
All womankind should strive to emulate thy ways.
A Christian true thou art, in thought, in word, in deed,
Yet for the weak and erring thy soul would pitying plead;
Forgetful of thyself, thou feel'st another's woe,
And with a bounteous hand doth charity bestow;
Thy virtues bright shall shine in an immortal wreath,
Crowning thee victor, even at the gates of death.
Blessings upon thy head, thou more than mother here:
Teacher and friend to me, most truly near and dear;
Our hearts desire for thee more than we can express,
Long life, true joy and an eternal happiness
With thy beloved companion, who has gone before
And waits to welcome thee on that immortal shore;

Forever re-united in those close and tender bonds,
Where soul to soul congenial corresponds.
O, joy and rapture sweet to count thy sufferings o'er,
Where love eternal dwells, and partings are no more.

SWEET April with her lovely smiling face,
Shining thro' tears fair as the rainbow's sheen,
Gentle and charming with a winsome grace
Decks all her courtly train in living green.

Old Letters.

Those letters, faded, worn and pale,
  But yet how dear, how cherished still!
For in their folds, full many a tale,
  Of by-gone years their pages fill;
Which bring to life, as once again
I read them o'er, mem'ry's dull pain.

They bring back youth, its love, its hope,
  The visions of the shadowy past,
And as we trace life's widened scope
  And backward glances hurrying cast,
We gather to our hearts as then,
The treasures that to us remain.

In living characters enshrined
  Feelings and thoughts are here portrayed,
Which speak the impress of the mind,
  By friendship or affection swayed.
True intuition of the time
When we and they were in our prime.

OLD LETTERS.

We live again in fancy's maze,
  Our vanished life, its sorrow, joy;
We scan it o'er with wiser phase
  And all our faculties employ
Recalling friends, and scenes of yore,
Garnered away in memory's store.

Ah! heeded we the mute appeal,
  Or thought of sympathy a need?
If so, when anguish we shall feel
  In vain perchance we shall not plead
For that true friendship which bestows
An earnest care for others' woes.

Preserve these sacred treasures then,
  A living flame of trust and truth;
In after years they'll bring again,
  The grace and sweetness of our youth;
Such messengers no more to me
Come freighted o'er so tenderly.

Ah, while we linger o'er each word,
  To shapes of symmetry they're grown;
In fancy are those voices heard,
  Each by a subtle influence known;
And now as then the hours beguile,
With silent music as erstwhile.

Queen May.

At last thou hast come!
The early flow'rs have blown,
We've woven for thy brow the lilies fair,
Thy message floated hither on the breeze,
The perfume of thy breath was in the air;
We heard thee softly whisper in the trees,
And song birds of the spring to welcome thee
Poured forth their joyous melody.

Why shyly didst thou stay?
Why linger on the way?
Thy merry laughter echoed in the brook,
The music of a keynote soft and clear;
Near thou wert hiding in some shady nook,
Keeping time to the rhythm of the year
We were waiting thy glad coming to greet,
Thou nymph of the fairy feet.

Thou pleasure-seeking elf,
Thinking only of thyself,
Chasing butterflies and sporting all the day,
Trailing garlands of bright flowers along;

QUEEN MAY.

To thy bower of roses lead the way,
And tell us why thou tarriest so long,
And what thou bringest from thy home far away,
To welcome thy patrons, Queen May?

Thou bringest healing sunshine;
The buds on tree and vine
Burst in bloom when thou comest in thy power—
Enchantress, queen of nature's jubilee;
Thou hast brought us beauty for thy dower,
And tuned the silent groves to melody;
And in gratitude we bless thy smiling face,
Which adorns earth's dwelling place.

Then and Now.

On holidays and such like festive times,
We gather up the shreds of other years,
And sometimes weave them into dainty rhymes,
Albeit dotted not with ink, but tears;
For we recall the bitter and the sweet—
Dark lines you know make pictures more complete.

May be we hide these fancy sketches fair,
From other eyes in the securest place;
And all the while a smiling face we wear,
That e'en our friends a vestige may not trace
Of that we hold so sacred and apart,
Entwined within the tendrils of the heart.

It may be more of sorrow than of bliss,
No matter, 'tis a link in love's dear chain,
A "part and parcel" of that happiness
Which often comes through the severest pain.
We know perhaps how years have sanctified
The secret which so jealously we hide.

But oh, methinks I'm dreaming when I say,
So many years, and oh, so long ago—
It only seems to me but yesterday,
And yet 'tis longer far I can but know,
For many dim, old pictures do I find,
Historic relics, crowded in my mind.

Perchance it would be well to illustrate
Some of these histories at the present time.
I do not know why one should hesitate,
As old things now are reckoned "half-sublime."
But if we tell old stories o'er again,
Retouch them carefully with modern pen.

Yes, there are many critics now-a-days,
Who pick in pieces what they could not do,
And seldom volunteer a word of praise,
E'en though the work is beautiful and true.
One need be brave if he would truth rehearse
A real story polished up in verse.

Sure I've been wandering if I did not dream,
Over the hills and very far away;
And I'm afraid 'tis not a fitting theme,
I've chosen for the happy New Year's day,
For I've been thinking of deserted halls,
With faded garlands hanging on the walls.

THEN AND NOW.

Well, let us welcome in "the glad new year,"
For there is much to make it bright and gay,
And banish from us every doubt and fear,
And live within the present, just today;
And like the modest lilies take no thought
With what the uncertain future may be fraught.

I SIT in the twilight of other days,
Watching the shadows time has thrown,
As they flit like phantoms while I gaze
'Mid the glamour of ruins ivy-grown.

Autumn Leaves.

Old friends and true, come you with me tonight,
And in the shadow of the witching hours,
We'll wander in the forests as of old,
And there in clustering beauty bright,
E'en as the radiance of summer flowers—
Gather those leaves of crimson and of gold,
Such as we gathered in the "long ago,"
Ere we had tasted of life's cup of woe.

Those autumn leaves are wound around my heart,
With tendrils stronger than the touch of time,
And bloom and brighten every season round;
The memories they enshrine cannot depart,
But with each new affection intertwine,
And year by year are precious tokens found,
That bring the old-time forests to my gaze
And haunt me with the scenes of other days.

The chestnut burrs we trod beneath our feet,
Reminded us that life had thorny ways,
But we were blooming then like those bright leaves,

And in our innocence and joy complete,
Traced not the shadow of the darker days,
But only saw the harvest's golden sheaves
That lay before us in the coming years,
And wot not we must sow the seeds in tears.

But tender hopes and sweetest fancies cling
Around the autumn leaves along life's way,
They gladden winter, brighten home and heart;
And when my children their rich clusters bring,
And weave them garlands of the leaflets gay,
The tears involuntarily will start—
I wonder if like me, in golden sheaves,
They'll bind with chords of love the autumn leaves!

Our Mountain Home, So Dear.

(Song set to Music.)

Our mountain home so dear,
Where crystal waters clear
Flow ever free,
While thro' the valleys wide,
The flowers on ev'ry side,
Blooming in stately pride,
Are fair to see.

We'll roam the verdant hills,
And by the sparkling rills
Pluck the wild flowers;
The fragrance on the air,
The landscape bright and fair,
And sunshine everywhere,
Make pleasant hours.

In sylvan depth and shade,
In forest and in glade,
Where'er we pass,

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME SO DEAR.

The hand of God we see,
In leaf and bud and tree,
Or bird or humming bee
Or blade of grass.

The streamlet, flower and sod
Bespeak the works of God,
And all combine,
With most exquisite grace,
His handiwork to trace,
Through nature's smiling face,
In art divine.

Something to Live For.

Is the future bright with promise,
Do its visions gleam with hope,
Spreading far and wide with gladness,
Giving fancy brilliant scope?

Is it gay with myriad flowers,
Which are ever fair with bloom,
Laden heavy with rich fragrance,
Breathing always sweet perfume?

Is there an effulgent radiance
Tinging with a rosy light
All the future as by magic,
Glorious in its coloring bright?

Comes there ever o'er thy silence
A sweet thrilling sense of awe,
Just as if an angel presence
Would thy soul from out thee draw?

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

Does it whisper flowers are fading,
  Fairy visions float away,
Things most sweet are only transient,
  All things earthly must decay?

Does it whisper life is fleeting,
  That there is a higher power,
Something surer in the future
  Than the pleasures of an hour?

Is there in the heart an echo
  Answering the sad refrain?
Does it whisper, live for something
  More than wealth or power or fame?

Mingle in the radiant vision,
  Earnest of a life immortal;
Make secure thine exaltation,
  And thy happiness eternal!

Guard these principles as treasures,
  Earth or heaven no purer give;
These will bring immortal pleasures
  Something sure for which to live.

A Dream of Memory.

I WONDER why I should sit here and dream,
By the glowing hearth on a wintry day,
And fanciful things so real should seem,
While my thoughts go wandering far away,
Till I catch a glimpse of a little child,
Roaming alone through a forest wild.

She is gathering bunches of evergreen,
And wreathing in garlands the trailing vine,
A beautiful picture she makes, I ween,
Under the boughs of hemlock and pine;
"A happy new year" she is gladly singing,
And through the woods the echo is ringing.

She gathers some moss, red berries and ferns,
And lily-valleys from under the snow,
And homeward her footsteps at last she turns,
Her bright young face with pleasure aglow.
Strange this little girl should wander away
Alone, while others are busy at play.

A DREAM OF MEMORY.

She looked like a fairy woodland queen,
  As she tripped along with childish grace;
The wild flowers twined with the evergreen
  Made a tableau grand of her sweet young face.
She haunts me in shadow and twilight hour,
And touches my heart with a magic power.

I wonder what makes her linger so near,
  Awaking the visions of "Auld Lang Syne;"
The breath of the real wild flowers is here,
  And the evergreen clings to this heart of mine;
I can e'en see the footprints in the snow,
Yet 't was more than forty long years ago.

The Summer Hours.

Balmy and fragrant is the breath of June,
And summer days;
And nature's rhythm in harmony attune,
Gladdens our ways.
The bright, warm sunshine cheers us with its beams,
And joy comes gushing with the dancing streams,
Which bode us good,
Giving sweet promise of the buds and flowers,
And verdant wood,
And all the golden wealth of pleasant hours.

Fair as the rosy blush of early dawn
Doth summer come.
Clover and daisies scent the dewy lawn,
And insects hum—
Mingling with songs of birds in tuneful voice,
And in the chorus all our hearts rejoice,
And welcome now,
Prophetical, these signs that summer brings
Upon her brow,
Which speak to us of happier things.

O, sorrowing soul, look up! be glad once more!
For hope shall rise
Triumphant, now the winter storms are o'er,
And to our eyes
Earth seem like Eden, where ere long shall reign
The peace which crowns the night of gloom and pain.
O, child of fear,
Seest thou not now from out the withered sod
The grass appear?
E'en this "betokens the dear love of God."

"Our Father" left us here some dear delight
Our souls to greet;
Great nature's splendor bursting on our sight
Brings mem'ries sweet;
And summer breezes wafted from the skies
Breathe whisp'rings of the realms of paradise;
And seem to kiss
Our wearied heads with soothing tenderness—
Foretaste of bliss,
When love supreme shall crown our happiness.

Summer, with roses blushing everywhere,
And lilies sweet,
And all its wealth of flowers and foliage fair
Makes more complete

THE SUMMER HOURS.

The yearnings for immortal fruits and flowers,
Which erst we tasted in lost Eden's bowers;
And brings to mind
"The tree of knowledge" on that happy shore
We left behind,
Which we must reach, to hunger nevermore.

WHEN love comes in the balmy summer hours,
While all the earth with conscious pleasure teems,
We linger in fair Eden's charmed bowers,
And ponder o'er and o'er love's happy dreams.

To Brother and Sister Joseph Horne.

On the Sixtieth Anniversary of Their Wedding Day, May 9, 1896.

"Turn backward" the pages of time tonight,
  Written over with wonderful things;
Let us see what the years have done in their flight.
I fancy the tears are dimming my sight—
  'Tis the vision that memory brings!

By the old sea-wall in a foreign land,
  In a cottage home—long, long ago,
Dwelt a little maid, who played in the sand,
And watched the ships as they neared the strand,
  Where tides of the ocean ebb and flow.

She dreamed not the future fate had in store,
  Or the drama of life she would have to play;
But ere long she set sail for a distant shore;
And often she pondered it o'er and o'er,
  The destiny waiting her, far, far away.

TO BROTHER AND SISTER JOSEPH HORNE.

In this goodly land, where she came to dwell,
  She met her true lover, and so, ere long,
Came the old, old story we need not tell
Of a maiden fair and one she loved well,
  Handsome, and young, and brave, and strong.

And so they were wed in the sweet, young May,
  When the air was laden with a rich perfume,
Their hearts were light, and their spirits were gay,
And a smiling future before them lay—
  And the fields and hedges were fresh with bloom.

Aye, sixty long years have flown since then,
  Full many changes old time has brought;
Both rough and smooth the ways have been,
And sorrows and pleasures have entered in;
  Yet with peace and love life's paths were fraught.

We can scarce believe it, although we know,
  As we look at their smiling faces here,
How three-score years could so lightly flow
O'er the tides of life, as they come and go,
  And the traces of Autumn days so near.

TO BROTHER AND SISTER JOSEPH HORNE.

But brighter far are these golden days
  Than "love's young dream," with its hopes and fears;
Rich blessings have followed through all their ways,
For wisdom increases with lengthened days;
  And knowledge divine has crowned their years.

And now in the evening of life drawn near,
  Their children and children's children they see,
Strong in the faith they've held so dear,
Honoring, cherishing, ministering here,
  With power that will bind them eternally.

"Growing old gracefully," what more can we say;
  O, this is a picture fair to view!
"An object lesson" we have had today
From the bright May morning far, far away,
  When you plighted your vows so fond and true.

And we, your friends, this festive night of May
  Salute you, hail you, comrades of good cheer!
We all are "birds of passage" on the way,
Soaring towards heights of an eternal day,
  Sojourners only, in this earthly sphere.

TO BROTHER AND SISTER JOSEPH HORNE.

As we meet now, taking your hands in ours,
And greet you fellow-travelers on life's way,
So may we meet again in Eden's bowers,
That land which blooms with love's immortal flowers,
When we have reached the goal, for which we pray.

'TIS early morn and thro' the air there floats
Odor of pine woods, rich and rare perfume;
The birds are pouring forth their sweetest notes,
And fresh young buds are bursting into bloom.

Dedicated to a Friend.

The very heavens beamed radiant with smiles
On that auspicious and eventful day
When angels before thee, free from sin and guile,
To share with mortals life's uncertain way.
Plucked fresh from an immortal paradise,
Transplanted in a new and uncongenial clime,
To fulfill laws which nature's works comprise;
A purpose to achieve, coincident with time.

Thou didst consent within thy Father's royal court,
To take upon thyself this mortal form we wear,
And in His image here, through good or ill report,
Having kept thy first estate, fit and prepare
For thy return unto the loved ones there,
Who blessed in mighty power thy going forth,
Pronounced thee worthy eternal life to share,
If thou with honor fill'st thy mission on the earth.

DEDICATED TO A FRIEND.

"The Fates" propitious at thy birth gave thee a noble mind,
A soul of generous impulse, in itself innately pure;
A quick perception and a character refined,
Firm in integrity and purpose to endure.
These qualities with knowledge will fill the measure
Which thy Creator has ordained for thee,
Not left to rust as undeveloped treasure,
But given in trust to be redeemed by usury.

She, who endowed with rarest gifts and powers,
Bore thee in pain, and molded first thy infant mind.
Transmitted unto thee a mother's priceless dower,
Of truest sympathy and innocence combined.
And in maturer years, fullest and best
Of blessings given thee upon the earth.
Thou hast received with a divine behest
The holy Priesthood Joseph Smith brought forth.

Be Content and Live Nobly.

THERE are joys that are countless, to make our life sweet,
True friends with warm hearts each day we may greet;
Then what if some toil and some hardships we meet,
'T will give us experience to make life complete.
Then let us be cheerful, content with the place
Which duty assigns us, and work with a will,
A resolve and a purpose our measure to fill;
Carving out our own fortune with wisdom and skill,
And trusting in God to the end of the race.

Let us strive to be brave in word and in deed;
To the voice of temptation never give heed,
But succor and help the weak in their need,
And walk in the path which to vict'ry will lead;
Not thinking our lot is grievous to bear,
Nor our labor, though humble and lowly, in vain;
But boldly the right ever strive to maintain,
And nobly endeavor true knowledge to gain;
And to dwell with the just and the holy prepare.

BE CONTENT AND LIVE NOBLY.

There is work for the earnest and faithful to do,
There are hearts that are willing, and honest, and true,
And there's comfort and blessing awaiting them too,
And a crown everlasting, when the journey is through,
  Then let us not falter or fall by the way,
But faithfully seek in the right to be strong,
Shunning all that is evil, or sinful, or wrong;
For treasures unfading most earnestly long,
  With faith for our anchor, our bulwark and stay.

A Summer Reverie.

Through the green fields alone I love to stray,
Musing and gazing on the landscape fair;
The fragrant freshness of the new-mown hay
Is wafted daintily upon the air;
The breath of summer flowers refreshes me,
And from restraint my tired heart is free.

Field lilies speak to me such tender things,
I love to listen to their silent pleading;
For to my mind the Savior's words it brings
And in obedience His precepts heeding:
Consider, yea, how beautiful they grow;
And yet they toil not, nature makes them so.

The flowers associate our minds with love,
And waken fond remembrances most dear;
They lead the human soul to look above,
And make us feel that surely God is near,
To guide our feet throughout our length of days
Yea, if we trust Him, into pleasant ways.

A SUMMER REVERIE.

O, pleasant paths, where faith and hope combine
To teach us lessons all who live should learn;
To trust in God, and say "His will, not mine,"
And realize 't is only what we earn
Will give us entrance into mansions fair,
Which scripture tells us Jesus will prepare.

And if our way is sometimes thickly strewn
With thorns that pierce, and rocks as sharp as steel,
And we must tread this dangerous path alone,
While only One above knows what we feel—
Then will He not draw near to own and bless
The suffering soul, who toils in loneliness?

These were my thoughts and many more indeed,
As, lingering in the fields one summer day,
I felt within my heart an urgent need
Of loving help to aid me on my way;
For I was weary with the toil and strife
Of daily contact in the walks of life.

Communing thus, I sought some recognition
In nature, or through "nature's heart" to me,

Some whisper soft, or gentle intuition,
That would express a loving sympathy,
An inspiration filling me with zeal,
Some knowledge of my future to reveal.

Ah, we poor human beings know not yet
One vital principle of a creation;
On every side with problems we are met
We may not solve, while here in this probation;
These are the hidden mysteries of heaven,
That only to the faithful will be given.

But if an exaltation we shall gain,
Through our obedience to the laws of God,
Then we shall find it was not all in vain
To walk by faith or feel the chastening rod;
For hidden things to such will be revealed,
Which erst for ages past had been concealed.

True Friendship.

(Song set to music.)

A FRIEND that's often changing is not the friend for me,
Affections always ranging, I care not e'en to see;
I want a friend who's fixed and firm,
Whose heart is tender, true and warm,
And scorns to use deception, O, that's the friend for me,
O, that's the friend for me.

A friend who lives in sunshine, however great he be,
And forgets you in a cloudy time, is not the friend for me;
I want a friend who'll smile on me,
And cheer me when I troubled be,
Who loves to make me happy, O, that's the friend for me,
O, that's the friend for me.

A friend who will betray his friend is not the friend for me,
I want one who will never bend to such low perfidy;
One to whose bosom I can go,
And on it pour out joy or woe
Without a fearful feeling, O, that's the friend for me,
O, that's the friend for me.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

A friend that's cold, distrusting, is not the friend for me,
I want a friend whose feelings are open, frank and free,
Whose honest, truthful, upright heart,
Disdains to act the flatterer's part
In any situation, O, that's the friend for me,
O, that's the friend for me.

A friendship cold and formal is not the kind for me,
It never was nor never will be satisfactory.
I like a friendship warm and pure,
And those who find it may be sure,
Such friendship is from heaven, O, that's the kind for me,
O, that's the kind for me.

A Glance Backward.

I TURNED me backward, more than forty years,
And gazed upon a picture dim with age;
My eyes were blinded with the falling tears,
I scarce could read the retrospective page;
And yet I knew the meaning passing well—
Of that strange scene the story I could tell.

'T was written and engraved upon my mind,
Then hid away in mem'ry's silent hall,
And as with silken cords we sometimes bind
Old letters and the dearest things of all,
So I had folded up and laid away
The childish recollection of that day.

The fire blazed fitfully, and shadows crept
All through the rooms, like spectres in and out;
And the pale moonlight down the pathway swept,
Silvering the vines and shrub'ry round about;
And in the distance, phantom-like, there stood
The trees that skirted round the neighborhood.

The lamps were lighted, and the table set,
And round the festive board of goodly cheer
Old friends and true, long parted, now were met,
Seeking to banish every care and fear,
And join in happy converse with glad hearts,
Such as sweet music to the soul imparts.

The song, and jest, and merry tale went round,
And each one sought to break the mystic spell,
But laughter echoed in a hollow sound,
As though a shadow on the household fell;
A premonition as it were of ill
Seem'd every one assembled there to fill.

How is it that when joy is at its height
A shadow broodeth o'er the gayest scene;
When every pulse is throbbing with delight,
Dark clouds like omens come and intervene,
And smiles and gladness quickly disappear,
Before the consciousness of unknown fear?

Yet, so it is, and often when we think
Our cup of happiness is running o'er,

E'en while we lift it to our lips to drink,
A blast has shattered it forevermore;
Yet disappointment cometh not in vain—
Life's richest treasures oft are bought with pain.

'T was a fair company, a happy sight,
The loved ones gathered in the dear old place,
And evermore that memorable night
Shines forth with something of a kindly grace;
Sad with that sweetness born of smiles and tears,
That hallows home, and glorifies the years.

There on that night, two lovers young and gay,
Plighted their troth and solemn promise made;
And even then, they felt some potent sway
Of dread, the very atmosphere pervade.
But love is strong, and vows of constancy
Were interchanged in fond expectancy.

Music and dancing whiled away the hours,
And love and friendship bore a faithful part;
Sweeter than perfume of the rarest flowers
Are these expressions of the human heart;
And, O, with what delightful charms we grace
The homes so dear we've made our dwelling place!

At last the music ceased and all was still.
And then a busy hurrying to and fro,
And in the crisp night air "peace and good will,"
Is the last benediction they bestow—
As from that home each went their sep'rate way,
Nor ever met again as on that day.

But often in the years that followed fast,
These friends and brothers, sisters—everyone
Knew how prophetic were the clouds that cast
Such gloom and sadness ere that night was done;
And what that household and that home befell,
Where happiness and joy were wont to dwell.

Where now are those who sang the sweetest songs,
Or told such wondrous tales of land and sea?
Do they forget that past to which belongs
So much, that seemed a prophecy to be?
Ah, me! what vigils—waking or in sleep—
Though ever silent do our fancies keep!

Alas, how swiftly all the years have flown
That intervene since that eventful day!

Though thorns and briers have been thickly strewn,
As we have trod life's rough and rugged way,
Yet still we hasten on, and brighter glow
The hopes, the talisman of long ago.

Teresa.

In the heart of summer she passed away,
When earth was crowned with the fairest flowers,
To dwell in the realm of immortal day,
And roam 'mid the bright Elysian bowers—
In that land where eternal summer reigns,
And the fountain of youth perennial springs;
Where music divine in its loftiest strains
Through ages on ages exultantly rings.

The Birthday of Daniel H. Wells.

October 27, 1890.

I'm "looking backward" very far tonight,
Trying to sketch some pictures in my mind,
In colors deeply royal, gay and bright,
With all the tints of beauty I can find,
And no gray shadows, lurking here or there,
But gladdest sunshine streaming everywhere.

And shall I tell you what my fancy wrought,
Out of the search that I had undertaken?
Unroll the panorama I have brought,
And see if far-off mem'ries 't will awaken
Of things that happened in the long ago—
That we're all interested in, you know?

Remember 't was October, and the fields were bare;
The harvests had been gathered, and the sheaves
Of grain were full and golden and as fair
And picturesque as are the autumn leaves,
That hang in groups upon the mountain side
Like galleries of pictures opened wide.

I scarce can tell you how these visions seem,
For you are young and full of buoyancy;
But just imagine you are in a dream,
And gazing at some wondrous phantasy,
That grows upon your senses, calm and still,
As magic spell by a magician's skill.

Then I will tell you, while you look, the story.
There must be some enchantment round the place;
The woods of Autumn shine with purple glory,
And through the foliage of the trees, I trace
A goodly dwelling house in stately pride,
And babbling brooks that ever onward glide.

Within the house now let your fancy stray,
How quiet 't is, the angels must be near;
And all the household wear a smile today,
Some great event has just been happening here.
Their faces beam with joy this radiant morn,
For to the house of Wells an heir is born!

A child of destiny! of high estate!
And yet his youthful years passed in content—

THE BIRTHDAY OF D. H. WELLS.

He little thought how much propitious fate
  Followed his footsteps wheresoe'er he went.
Westward he journeyed towards the setting sun,
And in that land his bright career begun.

.

I think you know by this time who I mean—
  "Squire Wells" his title was in fair Nauvoo.
And there he passed through many a trying scene;
  The Prophet's friend they called him, staunch
    and true;
But he left all—home, honors and good name,
And to this desert land alone he came,

Such men so brave, and strong, and tender, too,
  Are needed when there's some great work on hand;
And there was much for stalwart men to do
  In this uncultivated, barren land.
How grandly he has labored and how well,
The time would fail me should I try to tell.

Here wives and children have to him been given,
  And many blessings shower'd upon his head,

And through the revelations from high heaven
He has become a savior of the dead;
And generations that have passed away
Unite with us to honor him today.

And now we'll draw the veil o'er the ideal,
And look upon the picture here tonight—
No fancy sketch, but something far more real,
Young men and women, what a charming sight!
And prattling youngsters full of life and fun,
And here the race of *Wells* has just begun.

In happy yesterdays when we have met,
There were sweet voices that we loved to hear;
And smiling faces we cannot forget;
And these we cherish still from year to year,
Tho' they have passed to that bright home above,
We feel their presence here with those they love.

And others exiles are for conscience sake,
They cannot meet with us to celebrate,

But sacrifice for principle they make,
And for "the good time coming" hope and wait;
And some have gone so very far away,
They could not join our happy group today.

But let us not forget the patriarch there—
He in whose honor year by year we've met;
The silver threads shine in the golden hair,
But he is brave, and grand, and tender yet;
And we are prouder now than e'er before,
And as the years go by, we love him more.

And round him we will rally and rejoice,
That we've been blest with such a noble birth;
For we could not have made a wiser choice,
If we had known our destiny on earth—
Than to be born of such a noble line,
Whose roots among the Norman kings entwine.

And there are tender branches that will spread
O'er many lands, and numerous they'll be;
And honoring their great paternal head,
Bear luscious fruit, like to the parent tree.
And ever shall the name of Daniel Wells
Be cherished wheresoe'er a kinsman dwells.

Love's Revelry.

When the bird-note is the sweetest,
And the flowers are all in bloom;
When the luscious fruit is ripest,
And new-mown hay wafts sweet perfume;
When the buttercups and daisies
In the meadows do abound,
And the anemone and violet
In the hemlock groves are found;
Sing the thrush and nightingale
All the night their songs of love,
While the summer air is fragrant
With the incense of the grove—
Then love revels in her gladness—
This the summit of her power;
These the moments so enchanting,
Spent in starlit grove or bower.
Then the pressure of the hand,
Or the kiss upon the brow,
Seals the promise made secure,
Ratifies the sacred vow.

A Phantasy.

I WATCHED the shadows o'er the mountains play,
In such a dreamy way with their illusive lights,
Golden and crimson, pale and sapphire blue,
Shifting in twilight to a sombre gray;
Ethereal forms as 't were in airy flights,
Passing and then repassing lost to view.

Changing in color ever as we gaze,
Bright-robed at first and gay and swiftly fleet,
As youthful beings radiantly fair
Drifting from childhood into soberer ways;
How like to life, the phantasy complete;
A ghostly vision flitting in the air.

A dreamer's fancy—darker grows the vale,
Beyond the mountain tops in clouds, we see
The castles fair, where spirits pure may dwell;
Like ships at sea magnificent they sail
Bearing away their precious freight, to be
Beyond the reach of woes, we may not tell.

A PHANTASY.

O, blessed spirits, in your homes above,
Tell us in whispers that our souls can reach,
Across the river of the golden strand,
What talisman you give of human love,
In soft, still murmurs, flowing into speech
That those who mourn their dead can understand.

Are ye together there, "the loved and lost?"
Those we have parted from and see no more
While we go plodding on our weary way,
Bearing life's battles, torn and tempest toss'd?
Say are ye safe upon that radiant shore
Where life and love blend in immortal day?

THE sobbing, moaning, murmuring sea
Brought to her heart a sadness, a distress;
That seemed prophetic of her destiny
O'er-shadowing her future happiness.

Affectionately Inscribed

To Mrs. H. W. S., with tender remembrances of her sainted mother, Mrs. Mary Woolley.

I LOVED thy mother, Henriette,
I knew her strict integrity;
Her memory lingers with me yet
And will throughout eternity.

Her friendship was both firm and true
For those who battled for the right;
Her words and deeds of kindness too,
Will keep her memory ever bright.

Thy mother lives, and once again,
Where there's no sorrow nor distress,
She'll meet her loved ones who remain,
In realms of endless happiness.

"God knoweth best" what yet may be,
But we can trust His promise sure
That they who'd gain the victory
Must fiery ordeals endure.

To a Beloved Friend.

O THOU my friend, whose love and blessing most I crave,
Esteemed, revered, confided in by me;
Sacred from all things else the friendship which you gave
Shall be preserved apart through all eternity.
The past with all its dreariness, its cares and pains,
Sinks into insignificance when thou art near,
And in my heart eternal summer reigns
Unclouded by a shadow of unrest or fear.

Fresh founts of welcome joy spring up at thy approach;
A new creation clothes all nature with its bloom,
A paradise of love, of beauty and of hope
Rises within my soul, dispelling doubt and gloom.
I live another life if I but clasp thy hand,
I breathe an atmosphere of immortality,
I stand upon the shore of an enchanted land,
My bosom glows with peace and heavenly charity.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND.

"Ever of thee" shall sweetest music linger,
Waked by thy touch to symphony and power,
Soothing with harmony in tones most tender
The sharpest pangs of grief in sorrow's darkest hour;
And fond remembrances and gentle memories
Garnered in sheaves 'gainst bitter adverse fate—
Food for the mind, the muse, and dreamy reveries,
These fancy's magic wand shall recreate

In living thought, imperishable forevermore,
To gladden and to smooth life's rough and thorny way;
A fountain springing up and freely flowing o'er,
Replenished from within, where hidden treasures lay;
These are the pleasures which can never, never die,
But a new life continually impart;
Strengthening with chords of love the tenderest tie,
Sunbeams of hope and joy within the human heart.

No words of mine, though penned by inspiration,
Could ever feelingly my perfect trust convey;
My earnest faith in thee has been a consolation
In darkest days, along life's rough and gloomy way;
And in the years to come, whatever may befall,
Still shall I cherish fondly in my inmost heart
And with devout fidelity and trust recall
The perfect confidence thy promises impart.

Triumph of Light Over Darkness.

(Fragment of a Lost Poem.)

Little by little, as the grey of dawn
Begins to sweep athwart the leaden sky,
And gleams of light bespeak the coming morn
Ere yet the day-star shows itself on high;
So science dawned upon the human soul;
A rush-light only, dim and faint at first,
But farther back the clouds of darkness roll,
And brighter lights upon the vision burst;
As when the sun's rays streak the orient
With rosy hues, that turn to blushing day,
And blue and gold, with red and purple blent
Flood all the world with beauty in their way:
So the true lamp of science, flashing bright,
Lights up the inner soul and heart of man,
With genius which exists far out of sight—
Within the depths which mortals cannot scan;

And as the morning sun scatters o'er earth
New life and glory, quick'ning latent seeds,
So art and science, twins of royal birth,
Produce new thoughts, and wake to greater needs;
Forcing inventions, theories to prove;
And strength of elements with forms combined
Whose subtle powers cause substances to move,
Subject to laws of nature and mankind.
The growth of intellect increases fast,
Knowledge and light remove the doubts and fears
That hover'd o'er the secrets of the past,
And mental darkness swiftly disappears;
Nearing the blaze of noon, mankind now stand,
The sun of knowledge bursts in splendor forth,
And science, art, invention—hand in hand,
Have made a bulwark strong upon the earth.

Yet still man never tires of methods new,
Which his inventive genius can create,
And searches out what paths he may pursue,
What heights and depths and powers to estimate.
As when the traveler gains the dizzy height,
Which in the distance seemed to reach to heav'n,
And sees beyond his now extended sight
More heights to climb; so unto man is given

New truths, piled mountains high and depths below,
  Stretching away beyond his narrow sight;
But science marches onward, brave if slow,
  And darkness yields the sceptre to the light.

Remembrance.

A VILLAGE nestled down among the hills,
  With quaint old-fashioned houses, low and brown,
And picture-like, some old neglected mills
  In days gone by the pride of all the town.

Little schoolhouse sheltered 'neath a hill,
  And troops of children playing round the door,
A morn in June, serene and calm and still,
  Sweet picture in fond memory evermore.

Fiftieth Birthday Anniversary.

To Ellis R. Shipp, January 20, 1897.

We cannot bind upon your brow a laurel wreath,
Though richly you deserve such honors here.
But we have come in love and blessing to your home
And to our hearts you are most truly dear;
And we will celebrate with *you* and *yours* today,
The anniversary of years now passed away.

Yet we can scarce believe 't is fifty long, long years,
Since from celestial heights you came to stay
Awhile upon the earth, a mission to fulfill;
Your face is still so fair, your spirit bright alway;
But you have labored long and well, we know,
And that is partly why we love you so.

Your gen'rous soul is full of tender sympathy,
And you have been a friend in very deed
Unto the destitute, as well as the distressed,
Yea, giving comfort in the hour of need.
The sweetness of your voice breathes gentle tenderness;
And may your days to come be full of happiness!

FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

We bring to you today the sweetest thoughts we have;
We greet you doctor, poet, singer of sweet songs;
We call you friend and sister, sacred names, and pray
That every blessing, which to saint belongs,
May come to you and yours, now and forevermore;
And that we all may meet, in love, when time is o'er.

WE wreathe a chaplet fair, yea half divine,
Of life's best flowers bedew'd with tender tears,
And round sweet memory's hallowed shrine
We twine the garland woven thro' long years.

AMID the grand old woods of oak and pine,
I sit me down 'mong mosses, flowers and ferns,
And thought, with magic power almost divine,
Unconsciously to other days returns.

The Old and New Year.

Centennial Year, 1876.

Another year has faded in the past,
And we behold the dawning of the morn,
That ushers in the grand centennial year
Since freedom in America was born.
Hail to its dawning! may its rays divine
Illuminate each patriotic breast!
And in the councils of the great and wise,
May He preside who doeth all things best.

Have we been honest with old Father Time?
What record will he bear of us in heaven?
Is there a balance in our favor drawn,
Of wrongs repented, or of sins forgiven?
Have we brought gladness into any heart,
Or cheered with tender words, or acts of love,
The lonely, or the sorrowing, or poor?
If so 't is well, angels such deeds approve.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Can we gaze proudly back upon the year
  And feel we have acquitted well the debt
Of moments lent us for improvement here,
  On which the sun has now forever set?
If we can carry with us on our way
  Assurances we have not lived in vain,
Have garnered in the storehouse of the mind,
  Some ripened sheaves of wisdom's choicest grain.

Then we in confidence and trust may ask,
  That God will crown our labors with success,
While we with diligence, and faith and prayer,
  Walk humbly in our paths of usefulness.
And as we enter on the new-born year,
  And look adown the stream of flowing time,
Bring to our aid experience of the past
  Inspiring us to efforts more sublime.

The Dear Old Garden.

My dear old garden! still I call it mine,
And mine it is, for in its grateful shade
Of ev'ry tree, and shrub, and flow'ring vine,
My children and my children's children played.
Round these my aching heart instinctive clings,
And they to me are sweet and tender things.

Under those trees I've sauntered to and fro,
In search of hidden gems of precious thought;
Perchance some wayward fancies all aglow
Have been in chains of measured rhythm caught,
For rustling leaves and sighing boughs have stirred
The depths of love no living voice hath heard.

And here young lovers plighted vows have given,
And sealed them with the first fond, ling'ring kiss
That hallows love, and makes earth seem a heaven,
A sweet enchanted dream of rapturous bliss,
When two pure hearts, in confidence and truth
Unite their joys and hopes in early youth.

THE DEAR OLD GARDEN.

These trees, and shrubs, and every bush and vine,
We've watched from tiniest seed and stem;
Why then should I not always call them mine?
For in my heart of hearts I treasure them—
No matter how neglected now they be,
They were a part of my home life to me.

Yes, I remember sitting there so well,
With baby in my arms and children round,
And a sweet peace hung o'er me like a spell,
While the white blossoms fluttered to the ground;
For the young apple trees were just in bloom,
And we were breathing in their sweet perfume.

O, how the childish voices, loud and clear,
Rang out in laughter and in merry song!
No wonder that to me the place is dear,
To which so many memories belong.
O, would those days but come to me again,
'T would ease my heart of all this racking pain!

O, little ones 'mong the long tangled grass,
Where buttercups and clover nestled down,
Or, like a shadow, flitting as you pass
To gather hollyhocks in "silken gown;"

Or pull the morning-glories from the vine
Which gaily round the fav'rite tree entwine.

The honeysuckles fragrant were and fair,
And on them humming-birds swung to and fro.
But something fairer, sweeter still was there,
A little maiden singing soft and low.
O, that melodious voice we hear no more,
Save in our dreams it echoes o'er and o'er.

My garden! when the world was dark and cold,
And troubles gathered thickly round my way,
I wandered there my feelings to unfold;
'T was there I knelt upon the ground to pray.
In that old garden thro' the maze of years,
I scan life's pages, blurred with mists of tears.

Autumn's Falling Leaves.

In the mellow sunlight of the autumn brown,
When the golden sheaves the reaper's harvest crown,
And the "sere and yellow leaves" rustle 'neath our feet,
We recall past memories, tender, sad, and sweet.
Visions of our childhood, dreamy, bright, and gay,
Come again as erst in fancy's bright array,
And the glowing picture, touch'd with rays of light
From the years long gone, bursts upon our sight.

The morning birds sang sweeter then their tuneful praise,
And woodland, grove and valley echoed with their lays;
While in joyous answer every pulse was beating,
Each melodious strain of the bird-note greeting.
Little recked we then of toilsome years to come;
O, the blessed memory of our childhood's home!
How it clusters round us 'midst the fallen leaves,
And the spell enchanting which our fancy weaves.

As the shades of evening, shadows dimly cast,
Comes a gentle whisper, breathing of the past,
And a voice prophetic, sighing 'mong the trees,
Sings a mournful requiem with the passing breeze;

And to meditation are our spirits led,
Involuntarily our thoughts are of the dead
And we question, asking of "our Father" where
Are our dead, the loved, the beautiful, and fair.

O, what mighty lessons nature doth impart,
In its silent language, speaking to the heart
Of a living presence, all pervading here—
Spirit intuition of a higher sphere!
Who shall say there's not a latent thought within
Of the spirit home, free from pain and sin;
Where we dwelt in paradise, gladly tho' we come
On a foreign mission, pilgrims from our home?

Memories.

Memory, thy peaceful mantle gently falls,
  Entrancing me in some lone, dreamy hour,
And its enchantment ev'ry sense enthralls,
  And holds me spell-bound with its mystic pow'r.

I'm looking down the vista of long years,
  Watching the shadows as they flit and play
O'er paths I've trod 'mid hopes, and doubts, and fears;
  Yet have I gathered treasures by the way.

Tread softly through the halls of olden time,
  List to the music of the echoes there,
Reverberating solemn and sublime,
  Mellowed in cadence, yet in sweetness rare.

What say the voices from out the long years?
  Bring they sweet promise to cheer our lone way—
Inspiring to action and banishing fears,
  Whispering courage and strength for today!

A Golden Wedding.

(To Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Tanner, June 30, 1886.)

Dear friends and true have met beneath this roof
To celebrate the fiftieth wedding day!
And weave some golden threads into the woof
Of wedded life, to brighten and to stay
The warp, whose wear and tear has borne such strain
These many years and yet doth still remain.

We look into the loom and wonders see,
Behold its fine-drawn threads so deftly spun;
These two could not have told what was to be
When this long web was only just begun—
And they joined fortunes, and their future fate,
In joy or sorrow to participate.

And all these years they've spun, and wove, and striven
To make this web one of intrinsic worth;
And much attention to the task have given
"The web of life" we weave upon the earth;
And if the threads have tangled here and there,
They've smooth'd them out again, by dint of care.

And there are many places wondrous bright,
That shine and glimmer in the happy past,
Reflecting still a joyous, radiant light,
That o'er the future will a halo cast;
And sweet the influence will be evermore:
E'en when these two shall reach th' eternal shore.

ON the banks of a murm'ring, limpid stream,
Away in the shade of a hemlock grove—
In midsummer time, I dreamed a dream
Of a future, bright with its wealth of love.

On his Birthday.

On this the day that gave thee birth,
A day in which we all rejoice;
When other friends attest thy worth
In gifts and tokens, rare and choice;
I fain would breathe a simple prayer,
And waft a message unto thee,
And register the offering where
Our Father dwells in purity.
I offer thee, at friendship's shrine
With all a true heart's earnestness,
This silent prayer for thee and thine,
A wish for thy true happiness.
May angels guard thee, day by day,
Honor and blessing on thee wait;
And God protect thee on thy way,
Whate'er in life may be thy fate.

Lines Written in an Album.

Our days are full of doubts, of griefs and fears,
Mingled with joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
That make the sum of human life and years—
  Save we have known the friendships true and strong
  That to the Gospel covenants belong,
  Which make our days one sweet and tender song!
E'en those who've trod life's humble path alone,
If by the way some precious seed they've sown,
And have some errors of the age outgrown—
  These have not lived in vain; their star is bright
  With that resplendent and reflective light,
  That will illumine e'en the darkest night.
Be brave, dear friend; true hearts are ever tried,
Great souls are strong when favors are denied,
Hereafter we shall all be satisfied.

The Old Songs.

TO O. F. W.

Sing me the songs that I loved so well,
In the olden days of long ago;
O, sing them over and over again,
Plaintively tender, and soft, and low!

Yes, sing as you sang in the summer eve,
With the light guitar, and a chorus sweet,
When the locusts were fragrant with blossoms white,
That fell like a perfume around our feet.

Sing me some snatches of those old songs,
That live forever in memory dear;
They waken the soul with notes divine,
That ring through the cycles from year to year.

Sing me "The Bridge" in your sweetest strains,
When the city sleeps in the midnight hour!
And the moon rises over the Wasatch hills
Silvering in splendor each spire and tower—

THE OLD SONGS.

While we think of the maiden, pure and fair,
  Who sang those songs in the moonlight's glow;
And who lifted the burden of toil and care,
  From many a heart bowed down with woe.

Sing me "Sweet Afton" and "Josephine,"
  Favorite songs of those bygone days;
How I love to think of those happy times,
  Of our humble homes and old-fashion'd ways!

Remember the songs you used to sing
  When your cares were few and your burdens light;
And forget not the friends so constant and true,
  Though some have since pass'd away from our sight.

Question.

Say, shall we ever reach that halcyon shore
Of our delight, where happiness supreme
Shall crown our labors, blest forevermore
With love, the golden goal of life's sweet dream?

Faintly and low we hear the echoes sweet,
As from some land afar, or forest deep,
Where sighing pines in murmurs oft repeat
Or answer back the visions of our sleep;

Whispers of angels, music of that clime,
Whose fairy messengers of lute and song,
Pour forth their rapture in full notes sublime,
To cheer our hearts life's journey all along;

Like to the voices in the silent night,
The poet minstrels, singing by the way,
Illumining the world with truth and light,
A prophecy of hope for coming day.

QUESTION.

Why in low vales, and in the wayside bowers,
Do nightingales pour forth their sweetest lays,
And with enchantment thrill these souls of ours,
Until our own hearts swell with songs of praise?

Why do we ever crave the sweetest things,
The beautiful, the fairest and the best?
Too oft they fly away on fleetest wings,
Leaving us pangs of sorrow and unrest.

And yet within our heart of hearts we know,
These idealistic dreams are not in vain;
They help us bear our loads of grief and woe,
For finest natures suffer keenest pain.

Fairies and Brownies.

To My Grandchildren.

I HAVE been to see where the fairies dwell,
In the mossy rocks of a woodland dell;
They have waterfalls there, and gardens fine,
With blossoming chains of sweet eglantine.
They've wrought in patterns with delicate skill
Curtains and laces their houses to fill,
And artful and sly they've hid them away
Under their soft, filmy laces to play.
And they dance on the moss with nimble feet,
To a musical rhythm of waters sweet.

So closely shut in was the fairies' hall
That never a sound could we hear at all,
But we stoop'd and listen'd and saw their queen,
Gracefully dancing upon the green;
And the music floated the waters thro'
And her voice was fresh as the morning dew,
While she lisped sweet tones with a faint perfume
And the water-lilies burst into bloom,

And the ripples of laughter floated away
Among the hills where the brownies play.
And they listened and caught the magic spell,
Then searched till they found where the fairies dwell.
The brownies gather'd together at night
And gave the shy fairies a dreadful fright
For they were bolder and noisier, too;
And plenty of mischief they sometimes do;
But the simple fairies knew naught of their fun,
Until the brownies their frolic begun;
The timid fairies kept hiding away,
But the brownies in earnest had come to stay;
And they danced together among the vines,
To the music of waters and murmuring pines;
And the woods resounded with laughter and song,
For the brownies were quite a numerous throng.
The poor little fairies had no say at all,
The brownies led out and had a grand ball;
The tricks they played on that moonlight night,
And the mischief they did would shock you quite.

When morning came it ended their fun;
'Twas then the scrambling and hiding begun;
The brownies took refuge behind the trees
And the fairies rested under the leaves.

Weary and tired they all fell asleep,
Rocked by the winds in the forest deep;
Till some sturdy miners hunting for gold,
Scooped up the leaves of the fairies' fold,
And threw them aside, not knowing their worth,
And covered them over with mother earth,
Where they lay benumbed with cold and chill—
Till the miners were ready their pans to fill;
The brownies peeped from behind the trees,
And skipped away on a passing breeze,
Leaving the fairies, bereft and forlorn,
To be crushed and broken, mangled and torn.
But they nestled among the shining sand,
And were wrought into gems from the water's strand.
They were taken away from their native hills,
Where they danced to the music of rippling rills,
And many a lady wears on her hand,
A shining circlet from that fairy land.

Faith and Fidelity.

I saw a maiden standing on a sea-girt shore,
The water all around, no land in sight;
She was alone, and pitiless the ocean's roar,
Amid the darkness on that dreadful night.
Her feet were bare, and cold and sharp the rocks she trod,
For she had wandered to that lonely spot—
Bereft of all she loved on earth, save only God,
Praying for help, the storm she heeded not.
And there she knelt alone—upon that rocky shore,
And sought the Lord in deep humility—
That he she loved so well would come again once more
Her guide, her friend, protector, destiny.
The angry waves beat 'gainst the rocks tumultuously,
She scarcely moved lest in a moment's space
She might be swept away by such a ruthless sea,
And of her fate leave not an earthly trace.
To live, must be for God, she had forsaken all,
Home, friends, a future bright, with hope of fame,
And now 't was lost she feared, yes, lost beyond recall
All she held dear, save love, and her unsullied name.

Behind she knew the rocks towered mountains high,
And yet she dared to scale the rugged way;
Methinks some angel visitants were very nigh—
Surely some unseen power was her stay;
She trod along a narrow path, not knowing where;
The world was dark, the sea always in view;
She knew not if she lived, so barren, cold and bare
Seemed all the earth, and desolated, too.
Meantime she climbed the rocks, with bleeding feet and sore,
And gathered now and then a precious gem;
And in her bosom ever fondly still she bore
That mighty love, her virgin diadem.
Sometimes she dreamed of gallant ships at sea,
And saw her absent lover at the mast;
Again in deadly peril he would seem to be,
Exposed to furious gales, and shrieking blast.
Day after day she wept, unconscious that he too,
Her best beloved, had longed that he might hear,
Tidings of her from home, his own, his sweetheart true;
Till hope deferr'd had fill'd his soul with fear.

And she was young, this maiden, younger than her years,
And beautiful in character and soul;
Yet she thought not of this, but wept such bitter tears,
And suffered agonies beyond control.

The while she wandered aimlessly astray,
  She paused at every brook, or sparkling rill,
And drank deep draughts of living water by the way,
  And heard low voices, whispering, "peace be still."
Poor, tired, weary traveler, at last she slept—
  And dreamed a wondrous dream of mystery:
A noble stranger came, inquiring why she wept;
  To him she told her tale of misery.

"Ah, little one," he said, "you sadly need a friend,
  Nor can you longer sorrow bear alone.
Tell me, my child, and trusty messenger I'll send
  To guide your footsteps over paths unknown."
"I know not, stranger, whither I must go to find
  Even a refuge in this dreadful strait;
I have no wish, no hope, no fellowship of kind,
  Nor can I tell you what shall be my fate."
But then his kindness won her confidence to tell
  Her wretched story, and her troubles o'er,
Thinking perchance he could by a magician's spell
  Bring her some tidings from a distant shore.
She sat herself where she could watch the angry sea,
  And gazing thitherward began her tale:

"Stranger," she said, "hast news from my beloved for me?
For day and night our parting I bewail.
We both were young, and full of hope, he brave and strong;
And all the world to me wore roseate hue.
We plighted vows for life, and thought 't would not be long
Ere we could wed, fate seemed propitious too.
But now he's gone, my heart is cold, and numb, and dead,
I cannot cease to shed these tears of woe,
I do not even feel the sharpest rocks I tread,
I know not whither, night or day, to go."
He took her in his arms, as her own father might,
This stranger patriarch, and comforted and blest
Her aching heart, and showed her greater truth and light,
Even where to seek a haven of sweet rest.

And when she wakened from her sleep in early morn,
She scarcely knew if she had slept or dreamed;
The sun was rising o'er the heights, and golden dawn
Beatified the earth, and glory beamed

Around her way, and she arose as from a trance—
Amazed, as if some wonder had been wrought;
And up above o'er all, in heaven's wide expanse
There seemed a benediction nature brought.
The lilies of the morning kissed with early dew,
Shed their sweet fragrance on the ambient air;
And melody of birds—according music too,
Made all the world more glorious and fair.
As habit prompted her, she looked toward the sea,
And there descried a ship, nearing the shore.
A prayer was on her lips, a hymn of ecstasy—
But now 't was stay'd, and human love once more
Burst forth; her heart beat wildly, more she could not bear.
The white waves rolled along the shining sand,
She leaped across the chasm wide, not knowing where—
Or heeded not the ocean or the land.
Strange Providence that kept her safe in perils great!
Angels indeed were watching by the way—
How wonderful doth seem the arbiter of fate,
Which shapes our actions often day by day!
Aye, well, a strange arm intervened to save her life,
Else were she buried in the mighty deep
And ended once for all the bitter, living strife,
And laid where sea-nymphs constant vigil keep.

'T was long before the maiden knew how she had come
From dizzy heights, and winding paths unknown—
Into a peaceful, plenteous, sheltered home,
Where she was brought when friendless and alone.
She tried to be content with duties to fulfill,
Her heart and soul were full of gratitude;
And yet, scarce knew why, for much was given, but still
She wept, and grieved, longing for solitude.

To her the world was dead, duty was all she knew;
For sacrifice most willingly she stood;
And to the altar of her faith, forever true—
Gave all the wealth of her sweet womanhood.
What cared she for the frowns or smiles of those who sought
To shake her trust in principles divine?
In holiness and purity, she had been taught
Celestial truths within a temple's shrine.
Her friends looked on and marveled, that she could
In face of opposition's fiercest fight—
Stand zealously for principles, not understood,
Maintaining they were holy, just and right.
Sustained by unseen power with courage to endure,
Suffering in silence and without regret;

Knowing the promises of God were safe and sure,
Yet never able wholly to forget
The wanderer, who, sailing over distant seas,
Perchance at night, when silent watch he kept,
Might sometime waft a message on the ocean breeze
To those at home, who daily prayed and wept.
The ocean wide and blue, the ships that never land—
Of these she dreamed in fancy day or night,
Though tidings never came, nor could she understand
Why he had passed forever out of sight.
Strange destiny that separates us evermore
From those we hold the dearest and the best,
And places us, storm-tossed as pilgrims, lone, ashore,
In homes, to seem as an unbidden guest.

Meantime the maiden learned by sad experience,
Such perfect lessons, practical and true
Of deep humility, and strict obedience,
As helped her wiser methods to pursue.
As she toiled onward thorns and thistles pierc'd her heart,
And many obstacles stood in her way;
And often it was hard to choose "the better part"
For she was sorely tempted day by day.

In after years when she had need of greater power,
And larger wisdom unto her was given,
She wondered more how in that darkened hour
She had been kept, when all her hopes were riven.
How into her sad life had come a love so true,
Unsought, uncalled-for, gentle tenderness,
Unlike all other friendship which she ever knew,
Purer and higher, simple blessedness.
But greater trials came and sacrifice to make
More than she thought it possible to bear;
Then courage grand was given her, to undertake,
The task appointed, and she bore her share.
And when the Saints must leave their homes, and go away
Into an unknown, wild, and desert land,
Full of fidelity and faith in God alway—
She, too, was number'd with that Pilgrim band.
O, tell not of the heroines in olden time,
But think of those who've lived in modern days,
Whose fortitude and faith, proven in deeds sublime,
Deserve remembrance, commendation, praise.
Crossing the Mississippi river, frozen o'er,
Bidding Nauvoo a long and sad farewell,
Camping in tents and wagons on the other shore,
Not knowing where 't would be their lot to dwell—

What can we say of mothers with their babes new-born,
Still journeying on through storm, and wind, and cold?
Enduring without murmuring—weary and worn—
Of these brave women little has been told.
And who can write their story? Words cannot express
The toil, the suffering, and the pain of heart,
When overcome by hardships, sickness and distress,
With precious lov'd ones they were called to part.
Lone wayside graves on desert plains, without a stone
To mark the resting place of those we love;
And sadder still to leave them there alone
Exposed to savage beasts, that wildly rove.
But 't is not well to linger o'er those darken'd days,
For He who hears the ravens when they cry,
Watched o'er the Camps of Israel, guided their ways,
And, if they called for help, was ever nigh.
And when they pitch'd their tents in some lone spot at night
And round the camp fires gather'd young and old,
A cheerful group and picturesque, a pleasant sight—
Then many were the wondrous tales they told;
And memory conjured up the old-time songs,
And singing till the echoes rung again;
These pilgrim wanderers, sitting round in throngs,
Forgot their weariness, troubles and pain.

Sometimes when all was still, and moon and stars shone
out,
And shed soft lustre far as eye could see;
There linger'd phantom-like a charmed spell about
That hushed the human soul in rhapsody.
This close communion with the powers unseen,
Made one forget all sorrows, and all tears;
Lifting the veil high heaven and earth between,
It shut out all the dead and vanish'd years.
These moments of relief were like a healing balm;
E'en when the soul was wrought in agony,
Then came the solace, heav'nly messenger of calm—
Subduing will with silent potency.
And there was time for dreamy and poetic thought,
The romance of the travel new and strange,
And grander scenery each day the journey brought
Ever and ever variety and change.
Indians and buffaloes among their native plains,
Where they had roamed for ages, wild and free;
Disturbed and frightened by these moving trains,
Tore round the rude corrals alarmingly.
But there were always brave, strong men at night,
Chosen in turns, this careful watch to keep;
And if a sound was heard, or shadow hove in sight,
A signal given would rouse the camp from sleep.

And as they traveled, on and on, farther away,
Through mountain passes, over channels wide,
Stopping at intervals for rest, but not to stay;
Knew scarcely aught of where they should abide,
What must have been their feelings, thoughts, desire to know
E'en though in vision, they could sometimes see
The land of promise, yet questioning as they go,
As human nature will, their destiny?
Though led by inspiration, trusting in the Lord,
Heroic, constant, praying, watching, too—
Abiding steadfast in the promise of His word;
Believing He would guide them safely through.

The Winter passed, and Spring in all its beauty came
Bursting each bud and blossom into bloom;
And over all the landscape, far and near the same,
Nature dispensed her odorous perfume.
The weary Pilgrims felt its freshness on their way;
To them all things that grew were doubly dear,
And the delightful charms of rhythmic May,
Brought compensation for the Winter drear.
Birds sang their sweetest songs, and women young and fair,
As ever Jewish maidens were of old—

Sang too, and danced, rejoicing in the open air,
A beauteous sight, and lovely to behold.
But one more thoughtful and sedate sitting apart
Listened to music and its symphony,
Watching the festive dancers, ponder'd in her heart
On the sad past, its thrilling history.
Her thoughts were far away, upon the murmuring sea,
She seemed to hear its moaning, throbbing sound,
Between her and her friend, O, must there ever be
This troubled sea like mystery profound?
And she had sought and striv'n with all her heart and soul
To hide her grief away, and to forget,
But ever and anon, she lost her self-control,
Although she wrestled proudly 'gainst regret.

She could not banish all those sunny hours,
When she had wander'd in her youthful pride,
The woods, and fields, and shady lanes among
With fragrant blossoms fresh on ev'ry side.
He, too, was there, her lover, and her friend,
And gaily chatting, as they stray'd along,

Exultant in their innocence of life,
Mingling their voices in a gladsome song,
In that sweet summer time, full of delight,
So buoyant were their spirits, and so true,
They simply drank the nectar from life's cup
So fresh and full of love's delicious dew.
They never dreamed that there were dregs to drain
Nor heeded thorns upon the roses fair;
All things to them were dazzlingly bright;
They knew not aught of sorrow or of care.
But she had learned in bitterness full sore,
How false were all things that so brightly gleam,
And she had counted well the cost, and woke
To consciousness of that delusive dream;
And yet, she question'd if he ever thought
Of those sweet hours, the garden where they met,
When first their tell-tale blushes had betrayed
The love they vowed they never could forget.

And still the dance went on with ease and stately grace,
Beneath the starlight and the moon's soft rays
While she sat dreamily within the open space,
Busy with thoughts of girlhood's happier days.

The days were warmer, and the trains moved fast along.
The grass had grown and cattle browsed at night,
And when to prayers the people came, a happy song
Express'd their thankfulness and their delight.
What mighty faith and zeal they had thus to endure
Such difficulties dire, without complaint!
Rivers to ford, bridges to build, these things be sure
Would try the faith of any but a saint.
Women were cared for by these honest, valiant men,
And ev'ry fear they had considered too;
And they appreciated their true value when
They carried them the raging rivers through.
In times of danger and of need we find men brave
With loyal hearts to serve and faithful, too,
Ready and willing with strong arm the weak to save;
Would that in ev'ry place all men were true!

At last these travelers reach'd the highest mountain crest,
Though many hardships had their way beset;
Gladly they hail'd the vale the Pioneers had blest,
And christened with the name of Deseret.
And we will leave them in their joy, and glad estate,
Brought safely unto Zion, there to dwell;
Knowing prosperity and peace must be their fate,
Trusting in Him who doeth all things well.

All things are changed for her, whom we knew long ago,
  She lives within a wall of human love;
A barrier so strong, stronger than she can know,
  Encircles her with strength as from above.
The patriarch who took her to his home and heart,
  Had taught her sacred truths, reveal'd from heaven;
And now she comprehends their purposes in part
  For the great mission unto woman given.

And still another change, ere she had scarcely known,
  What in its highest sense was motherhood—
And with her babes, she's left disconsolate, alone,
  The strong man dead, whose love had been so good.
How could she struggle on again, with adverse fate!
  Such wounds cannot be heal'd, they are too deep.
O, it was pitiful, too sad e'en to relate!
  Her grief was silent, and she could not weep.
And so some lives go on in tragedies, each part
  To be sustained by human effort grand;
Though 'neath the outward seeming lies the broken heart,
  That only One above can understand.
With aspiration high, and brave endeavor too,
  Faith urges on the weak, and gives them grace,
And thus we often see the fragile ones outdo
  Those who were strong when starting in the race.

Woman, whose heart is delicate as ocean pearl,
  Petted and nursed in loving tenderness,
Thrown rudely where the breaking seas of life unfurl,
  Exposed to dangers, and in dire distress,
May keep the finer texture of her soul secure,
  E'en though plung'd deep where waves of sorrow flow,
Retain fidelity and faith, and still endure,
  Till one could scarce believe she'd suffered so.

The mother-love, encircling in its fond embrace
  The babe upon her breast, or at her knee;
A love so strong, so pure, it fills the holiest place,
  The sweetest part of woman's destiny.
What broods o'er wakening life? Maternal love!
  Unselfish, sympathetic, true and good;
Sweeter than tender notes of nightingale, or dove,
  Is the soft crooning song of motherhood.
No wonder that it compensates for loss and grief,
  This precious attribute of woman's soul,
And e'en for loneliness brings ever sweet relief,
  The heaviest sorrow helping to control.

But time wore on, and greater faith was needed now,
  For no strong arm was there to lead and guide;

And 'neath the chast'ning rod, the weary one must bow,
And bear up bravely whatsoe'er betide.
Great strength and vigor came to the young mother's heart,
And courage, such as she had never known;
A consciousness of soul awakened, to impart
Her needful aid, to struggle on alone.
But now 't was not a sin to dwell upon the past,
And many thoughts came drifting through her mind
Of other days, and scenes, of joys too sweet to last;
For happiness on earth we cannot find.

Over and over in her dreams, by night and day,
She heard low murmurs like the distant sea,
As if in answer to her thoughts, and who shall say
There was not some responsive sympathy?
And who can tell what mystic tie true hearts may bind,
E'en though a foaming ocean lie between?
The secret mystery that mortals cannot find—
The forces that we feel, which are unseen.
No message came to her, no letter, not a word to prove
That he remembered her, and yet she felt
An intuition strong of constancy and love,
When fervently for him in prayer she knelt.

The years rolled on, and many changes came around.
Cities and towns were built throughout the land
Once bare and desolate, and men and women found
Much needful work to do on ev'ry hand.
Gardens and orchards grew, and fields of waving grain,
And vines and shrubs, and luscious fruits, and flow'rs,
And verdure covered hills and vales and barren plain,
And pretty homes nestled 'neath shady bow'rs.
O, how delicious seemed the sweet content and peace,
After the toils and struggles by the way;
And in the mountain vales, God gave a rich increase,
And multiplied the blessings, day by day.
E'en the most lonely ones, of loving friends bereft,
Knowing the sacrifice that had been made,
When home and worldly goods and relatives were left,
To seek a resting place, felt well repaid.
They loved their mountain home, 't was even far more dear
Than all they left behind—full well they knew
The Lord designed His people should build Zion here,
And had a sacred work for them to do.

And in the various changes time and progress brought,
There were none greater than the one which gave
To woman higher place within the realm of thought,
Spreading its influence like a mighty wave.

Opening new avenues for all humanity,
Reaching the lowly vale and mountain crest,
Bearing aloft a signal of fair liberty—
And meteor-like it blazon'd in the West.

Communication opened up with other lands,
And woman had glad tidings to convey,
Helping with might and main to break the iron band
Of prejudice that barred the onward way.
E'en to the far-off West the telegraph had come,
And news from foreign shores flashed o'er the wires
With stirring messages of loved ones left at home,
Reviving in fond hearts old-time desires.
Such interchange was strange to those who scarcely thought
That these old friendships they could e'er renew,
And yet the opportunity had come unsought
And prophecies forgot were coming true.

And after weary waiting, tidings came at last
Of one who sail'd away long years before:
Swift as a rushing wind or a fierce scathing blast
Came the sad words from a far distant shore.
'T was on a sultry summer day and she had sought
The grateful shade of the young apple trees,

And pacing back and forth in sentimental thought,
Fanned by the cooling breath of the light breeze—
Not thinking of the past, but of the present time,
The sudden news came like a funeral knell;
The message read, "He died on July twenty-nine,"
Nor more nor less of him it did not tell.
She knew not if he died on sea, or land, or where,
Nor whether friends or kindred gather'd near,
Nor if he had been nursed with skill and tender care,
Or who would strew with flowers the dead man's bier.
Perchance he might be buried in the mighty deep,
For he so lov'd the bounding, billowy sea;
If so the music of the waves would surely keep
His memory fresh with soothing minstrelsy.
The music of the sea in rhythmic measure grand
Touches the soul with finest symphony
And even from the echoes on the ocean strand
We feel the kinship of true sympathy.

But she was overwhelmed as tho' the ocean-tide
Had swept across her soul; she bowed her head
And as in vision gazed upon the other side
And saw him smiling on her from the dead.
Standing like one entranced, the drama of past years
Flitted before her, but she spake no word—

The spell was broken—and there came a flood of tears,
For the deep fountains of her life were stirred.
Just sixteen years had past, since on a summer day,
When both were in the bloom of youthful pride,
In a dear garden, old, thousands of miles away,
They vowed to stand forever, side by side.
And now that dream of love was gone, she was alone,
And speechless too, for what was left to say;
Her thoughts across the sea to India's shores had flown,
And round a lonely grave they seemed to stray.
She heard the sobbing moans of a tumultuous sea,
And fancied that its waves beat 'gainst the shore
Where he was sleeping his last sleep, so quietly
That naught could wake him, though the ocean roar.

Thus ended the love passage, which had been so strange
In those two lives, drifted so wide apart;
Though diff'rent sentiments and views made a great change,
Yet there was always in her inmost heart,
Emotions, longings, hopes, that she dare not express;
But ever when alone she heard the sea—
And now she realized the secret consciousness
That it had only been a memory.

A mother's duties constantly she must fulfill,
  There was no time to linger o'er her grief;
She must be brave at heart, and outwardly be still;
  And time eventually would bring relief.
Henceforth she would forget she ever suffer'd pain;
  No sacrifice should be too great for her to make,
If happiness and peace at last she could obtain;
  Bearing great crosses for the Gospel's sake.
And though sharp arrows pierced her aching heart full sore,
  Yet she would not rebel, or shrink from pain;
But with sweet charity and resignation bore
  Life's heaviest burdens, scorning to complain.

Near fifty years had passed when on an autumn day,
  Just as the sun was setting in the west,
There came unto a woman—grave, sedate and grey,
  A messenger, making a strange request:
"Dost know," said he, "I have been absent for a year,
  Visiting friends in mother's native state?
And rummaging old papers saw some letters near,
  Of foreign postmark and of far-off date.
I saw, too, they were yours, at least they bore your name;
  The name we knew you by long years ago;

And may be you've forgotten him, but all the same,
I thought it best to let you have them, though."
And thus at last the mystery so long concealed
Which kept these lives estranged for sixteen years,
These faded pages, worn to shreds, had now revealed,
But no, she could not weep, there were no tears.
The past rose up before her, and her thoughts flew back,
She saw him pacing fast the quarter deck;
And watched the foaming ocean in the track,
Until the vessel faded to a speck.

And evermore thereafter she lov'd the murm'ring sea,
It brought to her the sweetest memories;
Its music breathed of love, of hope, of life to be,
And thrilled her soul with weird-like reveries.
Could she forgive the injury now that she knew
The story of her wrongs, alas, too late?
He loved her always, and he had been constant too—
This was some compensation for her fate.
But there were other things that satisfied her more
Than earthly love, her faith in truths sublime.
These reach'd beyond the grave to that immortal shore,
Passing the boundary that we call time.
And there were moments in her life when she felt sure,
That she was guided by an unseen hand,

Which helped her trials and afflictions to endure,
And even great temptations to withstand.
Yet sometimes there were hours so full of ecstasy,
So brimming o'er with life's delicious wine,
She fancied, and she half believed in the reality,
So near seem'd the approach to the divine.
The mother heart grasps greater, higher things than love
Which seeks some earthly object to possess;
Its simple, pure devotion soars so far above
The selfishness of human happiness.

Was it not wonderful, that after weary years
Of sad and sorrowful heartache and pain,
Longing to know the cause, and weeping floods of tears,
These letters should have come to light again?
The one who wrote them with affection, long since dead:
What satisfaction could they ever bring?
Sad memories wakened that she thought had fled,
But "Dead Sea apples" seemed the offering.
Garlands of cypress she may twine with roses fair,
To lay upon that grave so far away:
But O, what message will the sad memorial bear,
To him who sleepeth in far-off Bombay?

A Tribute to Emmie.

O, FITTING time to weep with April showers
That buds and blossoms may spring forth from tears,
And bursting into beauty fragrant flowers,
Twine with the cypress bough through coming years,
Emblems that we who mourn may find relief,
And joy immortal crown our night of grief.

To Z. D. H. Y.

A SAINTLY face and a great mother-heart—
So rich in grace and charity thou art,
That evermore our reverence shall be
A loving tribute to thy memory.
E'en poets yet unborn shall sing thy fame,
And future generations bless thy name.

Song of Welcome.

TO S. A. W.

Welcome! Welcome! Elder, Brother,
From the islands of the sea!
Sisters, brothers, father, mother,
Each fond greetings offers thee.
Long we've waited for thy coming,
Now we grasp thee by the hand,
Loyal, tender, true and loving,
Welcome to our household band.

CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, loving brother,
From the islands of the sea,
Sisters, brothers, father, mother,
Friends, companions welcome thee.

Wanderer on a foreign shore,
How we longed to see thy face—
Now returned again once more
In the old home to thy place.

SONG OF WELCOME.

All the sorrow of the parting,
  Melts away like morning dew,
And with gladness, joy and blessing,
  Yea with songs, we welcome you.

CHORUS.

To a dark, benighted nation,
  Gospel truths you did unfold,
Preaching Christ and His salvation,
  As disciples did of old.
The glad tidings that you carried,
  To that far-off foreign shore,
Where for years your feet have tarried,
  Were the same that Jesus bore.

CHORUS.

Gospel seeds that you have scatter'd,
  In the world's great open field,
Will when Zion's hosts are gather'd
  A rich harvest surely yield.
And a kind and loving Father
  Will His approbation prove,
And reward our faithful brother
  By His favor and His love.

CHORUS.

SONG OF WELCOME.

In our home dwells true affection
That grows stronger year by year;
And the fondest recollection,
Clings around our brother dear.
And we hail with joy his presence,
And with songs a tribute pay,
After three long years of absence
Let our hearts rejoice today.

CHORUS.

Utah and the Pioneers.

Fair Utah sits enthron'd among a thousand hills,
Bedeck'd with roses sweet and lilies fair;
Encircled round about with dancing, sparkling rills;
Adorn'd with colors which the artist passion thrills,
And ev'ry sentiment of earthly beauty fills,
And smiling nature triumphs everywhere.

Grandly her mountains rise to the sublimest height,
In fancy reaching the celestial gates;
But only birds can proudly soar in airy flight
Above the sailing clouds into the azure light,
Past human ken, and far away from mortal sight,
Past science, which for revelation waits.

Within the mountain's depth, hidden in veins and seams,
Are precious gems, that have for ages past
Lain buried in their hiding-place, from which faint gleams
Now shadow forth the wealth untold, like fairy dreams,
That fire men's souls with hope, and with ambitious schemes;
And mountain vaults still hold these treasures vast.

The story of these rocky cliffs has not been told,
Legends of Indians are not history;
Although they boast of chiefs, and braves, and warriors bold,
Who dwelt in caves within these hoary mountains old;
And though the miner's pick may brilliant gems unfold,
Yet still that does not solve the mystery.

But this we know is truth, these Rocky Mountains stand
A bulwark of great strength, and highest skill;
A miracle of grandeur known throughout the land,
A masterpiece of workmanship divinely grand,
Which only could be wrought by the Great Author's hand
Who has created all things at His will.

But we a fitting story may relate today—
Although it happen'd now full fifty years.
We see some lonely wanderers treading the way
Across a desert wild, 'mid savage beasts of prey,
With dauntless courage fill'd, as ever on they stray,
Are this brave band of Utah Pioneers.

We know of whom we speak, the leader Brigham Young,
Guided these pilgrims all the journey through,
And foremost of that noble band, we find among

The bravest and the best, who to the Prophet clung,
Still lives today to hear his fame and praises sung,
Our Pioneer and Prophet, staunch and true.

To Wilford Woodruff and the Pioneers we bring
The banners of all nations floating here,
The Stars and Stripes, our country's flag, we proudly fling
Unto the breeze, and Utah's grandest songs we sing;
And musketry we fire, and bells in chorus ring,
And all the people loudly shout and cheer.

There's music, song, and games, all such festivities,
And tournaments and military show,
Horses and armor, chariots and liveries;
With flying colors bright, and dazzling pageantries,
And all the host of well-known fav'rite gaieties,
While old musicians fife and trumpet blow.

Yes, half a century ago we hear men say
Where now "the desert blossoms as the rose,"
The savage Indian roam'd at will, and beasts of prey
Abode within these vales, so beautiful today
With all that glorifies the earth, where'er we stray
And everything for man's maintenance grows.

Then let hosannas rise from all the num'rous throng,
Yea, sing a grand *magnificat* of praise—
"Glory to God on high" in chorus full and strong;
And mount, and vale, and stream the rapt'rous strain prolong,
All nature's voices join in deep triumphant song.
An anthem glorious of latter days.

Baptism in Midwinter.

What wonders and what changes time hath wrought,
E'en up among the old New England hills.
New light and revelation hath been taught,
That every fibre of one's being thrills.

And many listened, and a few obeyed
The precious message which the Elders brought,
And willing sacrifice these converts made,
Counting their worldly wealth and gain as naught.

A winter day, and cold the wind and shrill—
The snow was falling—when a little band,
Came slowly winding down a gentle hill,
And by an ice-bound brook in groups they stand.

The holy ordinance—baptism they receive
By one ordain'd to ministry divine;
Proving their faith in that which they believe,
Though friends and kindred they must then resign.

Birthday Poem.

An historical poem written for the Seventieth Birthday Anniversary of Daniel H. Wells. Illustrated with Tableaux, October, 1884.

Ladies and gentlemen who're here to-night,
You'll think perhaps it were an easy task
These few, poor, simple stanzas to indite;
But pray, good friends, forbearance I would ask
While I the subject matter here explain,
And though my verse may limp and rhyming fail
I trust you will not think it all in vain,
For thereby hangs an interesting tale.

Far back in ages past, long, long ago,
When wars and warrior knights were in their glory,
There lived, as you may well be proud to know,
A race of people famed in song and story.
The men were daring, warlike, fierce in those old days;
They dwelt in ancient halls and castles grand,
And though they were not versed in modern ways,
They had possessions large, and goodly land.

BIRTHDAY POEM.

A long ancestral line we represent
Of noble name in history and tradition;
And 't is the rhymer's aim and full intent
To tell you something of their true position.
Some names are graven upon history's page
In deeds that time can never more efface;
Foremost among the great men of their age
Were not a few of this time-honored race.

Those feudal barons, dukes and knights of old,
Were numbered now and then 'mong the crusaders
And lion-hearted, chivalrous and bold
Fought manfully 'gainst cowardly invaders.
Among them proud and mighty ones of fame
Distinguished in the courts of kings and queens,
Chieftains of honor and illustrious name
Oft earned 'mid danger's most tumultuous scenes.

It was a curious and a wondrous day,
When men would fight for the most trivial things,
And ladies 'broidered scarfs and banners gay,
For knights and lovers, troubadours and kings;

And played the harp, and swept the golden strings
With melody, which only love can teach,
For music soft and sweet contentment brings,
When joy and hope have pass'd beyond our reach.

And oft disguised as wandering minstrels are,
With lyre or harp and merry song or jest,
These warriors when returning from afar
Would feign the need of charity and rest;
And, list'ning to the tales of constancy
Their lady-love would tell with sobs and tears,
Would soothe their grief with tender minstrelsy,
Till love would take the place of doubts and fears.

And though my muse would linger here awhile
I have not time to thus neglect my theme,
For weightier matters will the hours beguile
And we shall find things are not what they seem.
I mentioned once about an ancient name,
Which some of you perhaps may understand
From running brooks, and living wells it came,
Though it has changed in ev'ry different land.

Baux, Vaux, de Vallibus the name was known
And held the highest rank in church and state.
In intermarriage very near the throne,
So does their history the facts relate;
The name Euille, Willes and d'Evereaux
From running water all the terms derive,
And pressing onward ever will they go
While any of that noble name survive.

I'm sure you all have read in days gone by
In poetry and song and sweet romance
Of the fair, beauteous maids of Normandy
Who dwelt upon the borders of La France.
And if before your very eyes to-night
A vision of the past should rise to view,
Be not amazed, but gaze upon the sight,
Let fancy's mirror make the picture true.

The story goes, so runs the flowing rhyme,
Those ladies wore the most becoming dress,
And they were beautiful in olden time,
For so the chronicles alike confess.

And if one comes to represent our name
Clad in the garb those charming maidens wore,
'T will fasten closer in our hearts the claim
We have to those who lived in days of yore.

Lo, here she comes, an ancestress most fair!
Let memory's tide flow back a thousand years,
Think of that classic type of beauty rare,
Mark how each outline of her form appears.
Behold the gentleness, the touch of grace,
The lofty bearing and the noble mien,
Observe her dress as faultless as her face,
Gaze carefully, consider what you've seen.

Fair Normandy, land of the flower and vine
Home of the minstrel and the troubadour
Around thee closely do our hearts entwine,
To thee we turn with fondness evermore;
From thy sweet peaceful vales a race has sprung
Of men and women with determined will,
In other lands and other scenes among
High destiny and purpose to fulfill.

We find these heroes, when the land was new
  We now call old, had crossed the Channel sea
The wilds and forests helping to subdue
  And making rapid strides in Brittany.
King John himself depended on their aid
  The tyrant foe to conquer on the field,
And when in steel and armor bright arrayed
  The Saxon to the Norman's spear must yield.

And so in England, as upon the Rhine,
  This noble blood its origin would tell;
These Normans of a long ancestral line
  Fought bold and manfully, fought honestly and well,
And won from Britain's king in church and state
  High honors, titles, lands, fame and renown—
It was their fortune to be truly great
  Even to lead in statesmanship the crown.

One of their number, Baron Hugo de Welles—
  A leader born, a man of powerful mind—
Has left a relic which its story tells
  To English kings as well as all mankind—

The "Magna Charta" given by his hand,
Lord Chancellor to wicked old King John;
This shows how human rights in every land
Are wrung from those who do the people wrong.

England methinks boasts most of noble deeds
Wrought by the hands of our ancestral sires,
Though it may be she had the greatest needs
Which ever prompt ambitious youth's desires;
And thus urged onward in the path of fame
Where opportunity has ope'd the way,
Barons and knights and bishops of our name
Have held with kings almost an equal sway.

The time would fail me should I mention here
The honors which to these brave men belong,
But to our hearts their memory is dear—
Valiant in battle, fearless, bold and strong;
In the sweet charities of daily life
These were the men who sought mankind to bless,
Great hearts with kindly deeds are ever rife,
And brave men's souls are full of tenderness.

And what of England's daughters, mothers, wives,
  Companions of her peers and noble sires;
Were they not loyal in their daily lives;
  Did they not worship at the altar fires?
What know we of our own ancestral dames
  Whose days were spent in court or drawing-room?
Mothers of men, whose record and whose names,
  Live still, though they are sleeping in the tomb.

England may boast her great and mighty men
  And pride herself upon their chivalry,
Their silvery eloquence of tongue and pen,
  The conquests gained—their wars and victory.
But woman's power has wielded influence too,
  And when Elizabeth was on the throne
Her fame was heralded the country through,
  And still pre-eminent that age is known.

Perchance there may have been some of our line
  Distinguished by their noble rank and name;
And though we may not at this date define
  The history of any one ancestral dame,

Yet represented so we must have been,
And maidens fair and honest wives were they,
For all the ages mother earth has seen,
Men have with women mated "so they say."

And while we hesitate in doubt and mystery
An English lady steps upon the scene;
Self conscious of a woman's dignity
And with the lofty manner of a queen.
She wears the British flag and coronet,
And bears the colors and the shield de Welles
Of Simon the Crusader. Don't forget
The story which her dress so plainly tells.

These emblems with their mottoes and the shield
Worn by the nobles of our lineage,
Tell us of blood and strife on battle field
Encountered in that Christian pilgrimage.
Is this enchantment or some magic spell
Fallen upon us here, that our great ancestry
Have come their prestige and their rank to tell
And what they gained in that great victory?

Are we not favor'd that assembled here
The vision of the past should be unrolled;
Are their departed spirits ling'ring near,
To hear their deeds in flowing numbers told?
Had they the blessed gift of prophecy
To read the future in the book of fate?
Did they know aught of their posterity
Or what in after years would them await?

Could they behold the land beyond the sea
When later generations would be born
Of that same race whose badge of heraldry
The royal homes of England did adorn?
And yet it came to pass in course of time
That those whose fathers fought for liberty and died
Were forced to seek within a foreign clime
Religious freedom which their king denied.

Thus to New England in early days there came
Thomas de Welles, our common ancestor,
And eminent and honored was his name;
For excellence and worth was chosen Governor.

He too is present, and Elizabeth his wife;
They represent the Puritans in style,
He looks the genuine Governor as in life
And both are handsome, honest, free from guile.

Connecticut the good old Yankee state,
Was where the Governor had settled down,
And Hartford records give the name and date
Of this good officer of that great town.
Champion of freedom, proudly be it said
"Friend of the Puritans" his record reads.
Then let us honor the illustrious dead,
Who lives in memory through his noble deeds.

Let children's children in their generation
The name of Thomas Welles forever bless,
The good old Governor whose rank and station,
Has given us so much of happiness.

John Welles, his son, we next expect to see,
In old Connecticut a magistrate
And representative of liberty
Who served the people in affairs of state.

He's here and with him, too, his fair young bride,
Elizabeth and John now both appear—
Observe his manner and the honest pride
With which he looks on all assembled here.

In Puritanic costume of that day—
They wear their honors with a simple grace
Despising show, prudent in every way,
Refined in manner, figure and in face.
Such men and women were the pioneers
Who served our country in that time of need,
While many hearts grew faint with doubts and fears
They had the wisdom and the tact to lead.

And well may we be proud to own them now,
And honor them in family relation:
We in our gratitude should humbly bow,
For these men helped to found our state and nation;
And their good wives, the mothers of great men,
Did they not have of hardships their full share?
We know they did, yea, tell me where and when
Men have wrought wonders without woman's care.

The next in line direct is Robert Welles,
Of military fame, a Captain bold;
At Wethersfield, Connecticut, he dwells;
And now it is our pleasure to behold
The gallant Captain in his British dress—
Old fashioned saber, buttons brass and feather,
How grand he looks, and not a whit the less
His handsome wife; see, both are here together!

Elizabeth, his wife, is fit to grace
A drawing-room, and yet as brave as he:
Equal she seems to occupy the place
Of Captain's wife, on land or on the sea,
King George's soldiers; hear the martial band,
Attention all, in splendor now they come;
Wonder of wonders in this far-off land
We hear the echo of the British drum!

Daughters and sons are born to them we learn,
And well they trained them too in everything;
And honors in their country's cause they earn
And richest heritage of virtue bring.

Joseph, their son, well-versed in all the lore
Of English law and great affairs of state,
Renowned in scholarship, and even more
In qualities of heart that make men truly great; ,
And this young man, this Joseph of the West,
Of whom we are so justly proud to-day,
Took to himself a wife—the very best
In all the country round, traditions say.

Her name was Hannah, 't is a grand old name:
She was accomplished, beautiful and good,
Her charities and kindness gave her fame
Through all the rustic village neighborhood;
Her children were the best instructed, too,
In manners and in ways that were correct,
For she a Puritan herself well knew
They must be proper, honest, circumspect.

And with such parents as they, too, must be,
Whose home a model was of sweet content,
The children grew in wisdom's ways, you see,
And honored everywhere, where'er they went.

Such were the men who fought with Washington—
No wonder they could brave and fearless stand,
For in their fathers' souls freedom begun,
Before they ever left their native land.

No tyrant's chains such men as these could bind,
Who dared to brave the raging sea and wilderness;
For God was with them, and 't was all designed
To bring about life, liberty and happiness.
We cannot now speak of the Revolution,
Nor of its heroes with their well-earned glory,
Or how it brought about the Constitution;
All who are here know something of the story.

How valiantly they fought the history tells
No matter what their place or their condition.
One was our worthy kinsman, Joshua Wells,
Who filled an honored office and position.
He wore the regimental suit of blue
And carried musket with an honest pride.
He fought for liberty, and gained it too,
Though many of his comrades bled and died.

BIRTHDAY POEM.

The Stars and Stripes are waving here to-day
And strains of martial music in the air,
And we shall see just now who comes this way
The gallant soldier and his lady fair;
I've heard them say she was a Dickinson—
Experience—from Wethersfield she came;
A grand old family—and an honored one—
But Puritanic judging by her name.

The country settled down and all was peace,
And men the forests cleared and tilled the land;
And as their industry and thrift increase
Prosperity is seen on every hand.
And Joshua's children reared in temperance
Grow to be men and take their part in life,
And each son nurtured by Experience
Is sure to take unto himself a wife.

So Daniel went a courting, I have heard,
Went with determination sure to win
A charming girl, yes, charming is the word
And he brought home the lovely Catharine.

They lived in calm content a happy life,
A perfect pattern of domestic bliss;
See the good man as with his loving wife
They sit—the picture of true happiness.

This loving couple had an only son
And we introduce him there tonight,
For I am weary and my story's done—
There's only one more stanza to recite
And that brings with it Autumn flowers and leaves,
A fitting emblem of the harvest time
When men have gathered full and golden sheaves,
And sit and rest at blessed eventime.

And now we see our Autumn in October,
She wears her honors with becoming grace
And though 't is said the Autumn days are sober
Yet radiant smiles are beaming on her face.
And we will crown her Queen of all the year,
For she has brought us most of happiness
And to our hearts she shall be ever dear,
For all her ways are ways of pleasantness.

Dr. R. B. P.

Constant and firm the friendship we have known
These twenty years now past, aye even more;
Ah me, how strangely fast the years have flown,
When we recall the many changes o'er.

A wondrous gift thou hast, I know thy power,
To help the sick, to comfort in distress;
Greater than riches is the potent dower,
The magic touch that charms like a caress.

'T is good to do such deeds of usefulness,
To be so calm, so wise, such skill to lend;
To brave the world with such deep earnestness,
One cannot prize too highly such a friend.

In daily intercourse from day to day,
In interchange of thought, and knowledge too,
We've mingled freely, treading life's high-way,
And through it all been to each other true.

DR. R. B. P.

Our paths were not so interwoven here,
  Till we had passed our school days and our youth;
Since then our friendship has been very dear,
  And stronger grows in constancy and truth.

Such friendship's rare "they say" 'mong womankind,
  But we have steadfast been thro' smiles and tears;
And closer still within the heart is shrined,
  The fellowship of woman's riper years.

SWEETLY sleep thou little darling,
  Angels sing thy lullaby,
Gentle vespers softly breathing
  Of the sweeter bye and bye.

Margaret Ally Young.

Written for L. A. and S. H. Wells.

We miss thee, sister—and we feel all that thou wert to us,
A solace and a comfort thou since e'er we knew thee first.
We shared one fireside hearth—our youthful sports were one,
Our joys and griefs were mutual since life with us begun.
We miss thee! for since first our lips thy name were taught—
It's ever been a cherished one with fond affection fraught,
Unconsciously will memory cast a wayward glance behind,
Bringing with overwhelming force thousands of scenes to mind
Which speak of thee in accents strong; and bitter tears are shed,
That one so young, so dear to us, is numbered with the dead.
We miss thee, Margaret! thou art gone, the veil between us drawn
But we have hope to meet thee in the Resurrection morn,
For in early youth obeying the words of truth divine,

Thou hast anchor'd sure thy hopes and a great reward is thine.
We miss thee everywhere, thy place is vacant here
But thine offspring shall receive the love we hold so dear.
We trust ere long to meet thee where heart responds to heart,
And joined in perfect purity we ne'er again will part.
The Autumn winds are sighing, the flowers are fading fast
And every falling leaf we see reminds us of the past.
And though we know thou'rt gone to dwell with spirits of the blest
And thy body in the grave is enjoying its sweet rest—
Yet we've wept, and still we weep, in hours of loneliness,
For we feel one link is broken of our earthly happiness.

The Pioneer Jubilee.

July 24, 1847-1897.

FLING out the banners, ope the portals wide!
Let Stars and Stripes float high on mountain crest;
Fair Utah celebrates with sovereign pride,
And stands today the wonder of the West.
Let drums their signals beat, while bells are ringing,
And choruses of Zion's children singing;
While trumpeters and heralds shout their best.

The weary Pilgrims enter now in state,
The Pioneers of fifty years ago,
The stalwarts, who have made this Desert great,
The heroes, who have vanquish'd many a foe;
They are the honored guests of whom we're singing;
For them the drums are beat, for them the bells are ringing;
Utah to them will gladly honor show.

Let music such as ne'er was heard before
Welcome the advent of the Pioneers.

THE PIONEER JUBILEE.

While cannons fire, and guns their volleys pour,
And all the valleys ring with shouts and cheers!
Heroes of Forty-Seven now are coming,
And vig'rously the "old Battalion's" drumming—
Risen again from out the fifty years.

Long was the journey o'er the trackless way,
Rivers to ford and mountain steeps to climb;
Nor pen nor painter can the scene portray,
A monument it stands throughout all time.
For this, the flags unto the breeze we're flinging,
For this, the gayest pageantries we're bringing,
And thus we'll make their valiant deeds sublime.

When on the mountain top a halt was made—
Then with prophetic vision Brigham Young
Looked far away o'er hill and vale and glade,
And from his heart spontaneously sprung
The words—"The very spot" the Lord design'd should be
Our resting place, the home of sacred liberty,
The land of Zion of which prophets sung.

What greetings shall we give these Pioneers?
What reverence for service can we show?

THE PIONEER JUBILEE.

What salutation after fifty years?
Of their brave manhood little do we know.
The fruitage of their honest toil we're reaping,
While in the grave most of their band are sleeping,
To whom a debt of gratitude we owe.

Living in tents and wagons, lacking bread,
Searching for roots and herbs on hill and dale,
What can we say, what is there to be said?
It is too late their hardships to bewail;
But unto them the choicest gifts we're bringing,
And of their noble deeds our choirs are singing;
And sweetest music echoes thro' the vale.

Cast memory back and view the barren land
Found by the Pioneers—in that July,
When through the canyons file that fearless band,
Who in implicit faith on God rely—
Ent'ring this lonely vale toil-worn and weary
Where only crickets sing their welcome dreary
And birds of prey across their pathway fly.

But they explor'd the country, and they found
Pure water, flowing forth from crystal springs,
And a great river, too, whose pleasing sound
Gladden'd their hearts e'en more than living things.

And they rejoic'd within their souls abundantly,
And pray'd unto the God of Israel fervently,
  And gave to Him their purest offerings.

And afterwards they ploughed the barren soil,
  Planting their seeds and watering them with skill;
But they must onward press, and search and toil,
  Their self-appointed labor to fulfill;
And when the highest mountain peak descrying,
Climbed to its top, the flag of freedom flying—
  True to their patriot blood and country still.

And now today, the desolated plains
  Are fill'd with num'rous peoples, and we see
Fertility and plenty, and the gains
  That wait on skill and well-trained industry.
And sons and daughters, Utah's pride, are growing,
And all her schools and colleges o'erflowing,
  The hope of generations yet to be.

Cities and temples fair adorn the land,
  And toward the setting sun, the Great Dead Sea,
With celebrated baths, and her pavilion grand
  Are part of Utah's fame and history.

Thus Zion on the mountain top is lifting
Her ensign to the nations, who are drifting
Toward the West, the land of destiny.

Great institutions flourish in the State,
Where freedom spreads her banner far and wide
And purity and truth will make a people great
If excellence and virtue be their guide.
The crowning honor yet in Utah's destiny
Shall be her faith in God and human liberty,
And reaching forth to all the world beside.

And ever in the van of coming years,
Whatever greatness may adorn her name,
She'll cherish fondly still her Pioneers,
And carve their deeds upon her halls of fame;
And down the ages, children's voices singing,
Shall in triumphant, rhythmic measure ringing,
Their loyalty and victories proclaim.

The Wife To Her Husband.

It seems to me that should I die,
And this poor body cold and lifeless lie,
And thou should'st touch my lips with thy warm breath,
The life-blood, quicken'd in each sep'rate vein,
Would wildly, madly rushing back again,
Bring the glad spirit from the isle of death.

It seems to me that were I dead,
And thou in sympathy should'st o'er me shed
Some tears of sorrow, or of sad regret,
That every pearly drop that fell in grief,
Would bud, or blossom, bursting into leaf,
To prove immortal love could not forget.

I do believe that round my grave,
When the cool fragrant evening zephyrs wave,
Should'st thou in friendship linger near the spot,
And breathe some tender words in memory,
That this poor heart in grateful constancy,
Would softly whisper back some loving thought.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

I do believe that should I pass,
Into the unknown land of happiness,
And thou should'st wish to see my face once more,
That in my earnest longing after thee,
I would come forth in joyful ecstasy,
And once again gaze on thee as before.

I do believe my faith in thee,
Stronger than life, an anchor firm to be;
Planted in thine integrity and worth,
A perfect trust implicit and secure;
That will all trials and all grief endure,
And bless and comfort me while here on earth.

I do believe who love hath known,
Or sublime friendship's purest, highest tone,
Hath tasted of the cup of ripest bliss,
And drank the choicest wine life hath to give,
Hath known the truest joy it is to live;
What blessing rich or great compared to this?

I do believe true love to be
An element that in its tendency
Is elevating to the human mind
An intuition which we recognize
As foretaste of immortal paradise,
Through which the soul will be refined.

Sorrow and Tears.

Out of my sorrow and mourning,
Out of its grief and its pain;
Its sighing, and sobbing, and moaning,
The deepest and wildest refrain
Swells forth with a melody pleading
For the heart that is stricken and bleeding.

Regrets for past promises waiting
And prophecies yet unfulfill'd;
The tears, and the voice that is wailing,
The strength of strong passions distill'd;
The agony past self-containing,
The grief that o'er-masters restraining.

Vainly we weep for the dying,
Useless the tears that we shed;
They heed not our woe, or our crying,
Our lov'd ones who sleep with the dead.
Yet fondly our heart-strings are clinging
To the hope that the Gospel is bringing.

The Dear New England Home.

Doth remember, sisters dear, the happy days of childhood
In our old New England home, where we wander'd in the wildwood?
How we gather'd in their freshness the sweetest wildwood flowers,
Fragrant with the morning dew 'neath the hemlock's leafy bowers!
How we listen'd to the babbling of the water in the brook,
And we linger'd with delight in each shelter'd, cosy nook;
The birds were warbling sweetly, as we whiled away the hours,
In the grove beyond the meadow in that dear old home of ours!
O! the perfume of those flowers will be with me evermore,
And remembrance of those scenes be repeated o'er and o'er;
For my heart is full of memories of the happy days long past,
Whose music echoes 'round me, and will unto the last.

And I never can forget the brook or hemlock grove,
Nor the many dear ones cherish'd in my heart with tender love.
And the woods, and fields, and meadows, around the dear old home,
Are ever living pictures, wheresoever I may roam.
Nor do I forget the brothers, who shar'd our childish joys,
How proud we were to row and skate with those mischievous boys.
But now we're scatter'd far and wide, and little do we know
Of each other's joys or sorrows, as in the long ago;
And death has taken from us the one we loved the best—
Our mother! in a wayside grave she laid her down to rest;
But her toils and griefs are over and she's reach'd the golden shore,
There may we all meet together when our work on earth is o'er.
One brother and one sister from out that household band
Have passed the shining portals and gained that "better land."
And one by one when our time comes we too must anchor there;
And when our bark "puts out to sea" God grant the wind be fair.

The Dear Old Home.

I'm hanging garlands in my hall tonight,
Sacred to mem'ry and to other days;
Fragrant with perfumes of a lost delight,
That haunts me ever as I tread life's ways.
These flowers from out the garden of my dreams,
Are fresh with the delicious dew of tears,
And gazing on them now tonight it seems
I'm living o'er again the vanished years.
I see the house embower'd with tree and vine,
The open door, and children flocking near,
I know each rosy face, and call them mine,
Their merry laughter and their songs I hear.

And as they older grew from year to year,
Companions of my daily life and needs,
They shar'd my joys and sorrows, ever near
To strengthen, and to help with kindly deeds.
No wonder that I sometimes when alone
Call up the vision of that dear old past—

And dream of all the happy days now flown,
And marvel why the time has fled so fast.

And so I hang these garlands on the wall;
They are not wither'd, they are fresh and sweet;
And as I gaze upon them I recall
The old home where my life was most complete.
That dear old house we never can forget,
Our recollections linger round the place,
And in our heart of hearts is treasur'd yet
Remembrances that time cannot efface.
And many friends have met together there
And songs and music and sweet melody
Beguil'd the hours and chas'd away dull care,
And woke the chords of human sympathy.

And now I add a flower for every thought,
Of those dear loved ones given unto me,
And consecrate the garland I have wrought
And hang it in the hall of memory.
And when my children see the wither'd flowers,
I've twined together in "the stilly night"
They'll know I gather'd them amid life's bow'rs
In the dear garden of my heart's delight.

A Mystic Tie

We met as strangers upon life's highway
But sympathy was written on thy face;
And I was sick with sorrow on that day,
And felt the rareness of thy tender grace.

It sooth'd me with a loving gentleness,
And I scarce realized we'd never met
Until that time—for in thy graciousness,
There was a charm I never can forget.

Absent or present, far away or near,
Throughout my life I shall remember thee;
For thou hast ministered unto me here
In kindliest deeds with sweet simplicity.

Methinks I've known thee in some genial clime,
In lands afar, where pleasures never pall;
Without the boundary that we call time,
And where there was no sorrow to recall.

A MYSTIC TIE.

Perchance we knew and loved each other there,
Where life flowed on pure as a crystal stream,
And beauty reigned supreme, and all was fair—
Such recollections haunt me like a dream.

These are the things we cannot understand,
E'en though we ponder o'er them day by day
Until we pass into the silent land
Across the portals of the starry way.

O may we meet upon that halcyon shore,
Where power and knowledge ever shall increase;
And join our dear ones, who have gone before,
Where love eternal fills the soul with peace.

Midsummer Night.

The scene is glorious beyond our language to express,
I am alone and basking in the radiant moonlight;
Drinking in fragrant and delicious draughts of loveliness,
And all the summer air is balmy with the dew of night.

I saw the king of day sink to his rest in regal pride,
And in a sea of molten gold embrace the queen of night;
Sparkling with gems and robed in sapphire blue this royal bride,
And blue and purple curtains fell, shrouding the light.

A hush of twilight came, and holy silence like a spell
Enveloped all around, and held it for a moment's space;
And then the stars burst forth, and lo, what glorious beauty fell,
When the pale moon silver'd the earth with daintiest grace.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

It is the enchanted hour, when the lone nightingale
Pours forth her songs of melody in sorrowing strains,
In cadences that wake the echoes in the lowly vale,
Ringing through forests deep and wild and floating o'er the plains.

We listen for the whisperings so soft, and low, and sweet,
Revealing to the inner thought the mysteries of the hour,
When in the groves and woodland the midnight muses meet,
And drink the dew-drops from the cup of ev'ry dainty flower.

And from the sea afar, we hear the mermaids crooning o'er
Their siren songs, that echo in the coral reefs below—
Re-echoing in the shells cast adrift upon the shore,
Where tides of ocean bear them in their constant ebb and flow;

The voices of the winds and waves speak with a potent power;
E'en though the earth is beautiful, and sleep with downy wings
Soothes us with fairy visions in the starry, moonlit hour,
Yet a flood of strong emotions the midnight vigil brings.

In the Garden of Dreams.

In the fair garden of my dreams,
There flow a thousand rippling streams,
That catch the sunshine's golden gleams.

A garden where the lilies grow,
As pure and white as Alpine snow,
And in their cups a ruby glow.

Roses of sweetest perfume too,
Shy, modest violets, peeping through,
And sweet forget-me-nots so blue.

There's fragrant jasmine, twining there
With columbine, and maiden-hair,
And ferns of delicacy rare.

Yes, all of these and many more,
And wildwood blossoms by the score,
With tiny dew-drops glist'ning o'er.

IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.

'T is there I roam amid the flowers,
And while away the lonely hours,
And rest within Arcadian bowers.

I sit beside the babbling brook,
And in its depths serenely look,
And try to study nature's book.

I watch the changes of the years,
Recalling all my doubts and fears,
With aching heart, and floods of tears.

I see how old and grey I've grown,
And think how all the years have flown,
And the dear loved ones I have known.

There too I muse upon the past,
My youthful days, that flew so fast,
And wonder what shall be at last.

This garden of my dear delight
Is full of visions fair and bright,
That burst like sunshine on my sight.

Sometimes I fancy voices near,
Singing the songs we used to hear
In the "old home" that was so dear.

Anon I feel the breath of spring,
And "birds of passage on the wing"
Bring me a message as they sing.

And autumn with its flaming red,
Seems conscious of the tears we shed,
And sighs a requiem for the dead.

And tho' fancy 't is not so,
Here in my garden fair I know
Life's sunset has an afterglow.

To L. D. A.

May your life grow more sweet and dear
As time rolls on from year to year,
And may your joys on earth increase
Crowning your usefulness with peace;
May angels minister unto you
And walk with you life's journey through.

May loving earthly friends be near
By night or day your path to cheer,
And no dark clouds obscure the light—
But keep your testimony bright
Concerning truths reveal'd from heaven,
By Prophets and Apostles given.

Hide not the talents given you,
But gladly, bravely, seek to do
The duty that each day may bring,
Your mission thus accomplishing—
To write, to teach, to cheer or bless
To comfort those in sore distress.

TO L. D. A.

Lift up the soul bow'd down with grief
So shall your own heart find relief;
"In blessing others we are blest,"
Thus shall we find pure joy and rest
From earthly sorrow, woe and pain,
And feel we have not lived in vain.

Cherish your friends, so shall they be
Bound to you in sweet sympathy;
Your days more peacefully will flow,
As time rolls on, and you shall know
How to obtain the greater light
In visions and in dreams by night.

The gift of grace in word and deed,
To minister to those in need—
May that be yours, and wisdom too;
In all that you are called to do
Stand steadfast, bide the Father's will,
A great work is before you still.

To Darling Luna.

(Written for Mrs. H. C. Wells.)

We miss thee, miss thee little angel,
Sent a while our hearts to bless
And we loved to feel thee near us
Folded in our fond caress.
Angels will watch our infant child,
We feel, we know thou'rt happy there
But O, we sadly miss thy smiles,
Thy sunny, childish presence fair.
At evening when our little ones
Gather around our lonely hearth
And in their thoughtlessness and glee
Prattle in joyousness and mirth,
One face we miss, and O, my heart,
How bitterly I feel the lack;
But I must crush each selfish thought—
I cannot, will not, wish thee back.
The Savior little children loved,
Said, "Suffer them to come to me;"
And when our work on earth is done
We hope to come and dwell with thee.

Sorrow and Sympathy.

My life has not been all calm and serene,
But storms and clouds were thick upon my way;
Yet here and there sometimes would intervene
Bright hours of sunshine in the darkest day.
And so I've travel'd on, and sought to be
Some help to other wanderers like me.

For life is full of dark and gloomy ways,
And if perchance we find a lovely flower,
We should not hide it in a dreamy maze,
But let it gladden for a weary hour
All that are round about, who need its bloom,
And shed abroad its sweetness and perfume.

I know I oft have distant been and cold,
Because my sorrows seem'd to be so great;
But if perchance the wrongs I've felt were told
I would not murmur at my adverse fate;
May be I needed just such discipline,
To gain the prize I started out to win.

Experience is gained through deep distress,
And yet we sometimes feel we must rebel;

Life seems so hard, a darken'd wilderness,
The light all gone, and grief we cannot tell
Grave doubts, perplexities and discontent,
Till some relief comes as tho' heaven-sent.

It may be but a very simple thing
That breaks the spell grief has around us thrown,
And shows us we have made an offering
In yielding up that which we deem'd our own;
The sacrifice we made has given grace,
And we are better fitted for life's race.

And if some sympathy we can bestow,
Because we've felt the agony of pain;
Then let us minister while here below—
The little time that we may yet remain;
And strive to make some recompense to heaven,
For the few talents to our keeping given.

And as we do to others in their need,
Loving our neighbor as the Savior taught;
Then we are sowing broadcast precious seed,
And we shall reap a harvest where we've wrought;
For if our faith fail not and we endure,
Then all our Father's promises are sure.

The Savior's Birth.

Sing the sweet and touching story,
Of the Babe in Bethle'm born;
How the morning star with glory
Lighted that auspicious morn.

What more beautiful and tender
Than the blessed Savior's birth?
Cradled in a lowly manger,
Was the King of all the earth.

Birds had nests, the foxes roaming,
Had their refuge free from care;
Jesus had no safe abiding—
Homeless pilgrim everywhere.

Come to do His Father's bidding,
Fresh from brilliant courts on high,
Holy mission thus fulfilling—
Here to suffer and to die.

Now for us He's interceding
In bright mansions up above;
"Father, guide them," thus He's pleading,
"Save them through redeeming love."

Love the Savior.

Little children, love the Savior,
Learn to do His holy will;
He is whisp'ring to you ever,
Sacred duties to fulfill.
Jesus said, "Love one another,"
And forgive each other, too;
Then as sister, or as brother,
Let us wisdom's course pursue.

Meek and humble like the Master,
To the Father we will pray,
That our footsteps may not falter
In the straight and narrow way.
We are learning to be useful,
In life's lessons day by day;
Honest, upright, gentle, truthful,
Treading wisdom's pleasant way.

Honor father, honor mother;
These are precepts Jesus taught;

And with kindness to each other,
May our actions all be fraught.
We must seek for heav'nly favor,
In the path our Savior trod;
Bravely wrestle with endeavor,
Holding fast the "iron rod."

Eugene Henri.

Life's sweetest flower seems gone,
Faded from earth away;
Yes our sweet babe has from us fled
To turn again to clay.

But ah! his spirit yet shall live
In regions far more bright,
Where they've no need of sun by day,
Nor of the moon by night.

With many kindred spirits there,
This little one shall rest;
Then let us strive our babe to meet,
And with his smiles be blest.

Crucifixion and Forgiveness.

'T was on the mount of Calvary,
Our Savior bled and died;
A crown of thorns was on His head,
And wounds were in His side.

Darkness prevail'd o'er all the land
While Jesus groan'd in pain;
Three dreadful hours the earth did quake,
And rocks were rent in twain.

'T was thus our Lord was crucified,
And yet He cried "Forgive;"
He loved the world, and gave His life
That all mankind might live.

If they will keep the law of God
Then will His death atone;
But man must recognize this gift
Through Jesus Christ alone;

Remembering the Savior's words,
When He the bread did break,
And blest the cup and gave to them
Who did with Him partake.

Be this our silent witness here,
Till He shall come again;
Redeemer, Conqueror and King,
For evermore to reign.

Darling Winnie.

Our darling Winnie sleeps not in the tomb
And though we miss her sadly, yet we know
She lives, where flowers immortal ever bloom,
And where there's no more suff'ring, pain or woe.

Peaceful Vales.

Grand and noble, nature's bulwarks,
Stand the lofty mountains round,
And within the pleasant valleys
Peace and plenty doth abound.
Here is Zion—land of promise—
Where the Saints of God abide;
And the desert, once so barren,
Blossoms now on every side.

CHORUS.

Peaceful vales where Saints may dwell,
And praise the God of Israel;
While happy children join and sing,
Glory to the Heavenly King.

And the angels of Jehovah
Watch forever on the towers,
That, like sentinels, are stationed
Round this glorious land of ours,

Which the Saints in peace inherit
As their resting place foretold,
Where they gather round the standard,
And the flag of truth unfold.

CHORUS.

As a mighty chorus swelling
From these valleys, here and there,
List! ten thousand hearts and voices
Calling on the Lord in prayer;
And the song of praise and gladness
In loud peals of music grand,
Like an anthem of hosannas,
Echoes through the chosen land.

CHORUS.

Band of Children.

In the chambers of the mountains,
Are a noble, mighty band,
Gath'ring strength from crystal fountains,
Flowing through a chosen land.
Land of Zion,
Land of Zion,
Where the holy temples stand.

Hosts of children here are growing,
In these mountain vales so fair,
And their voices gently flowing,
Echo sweetly here and there.
Children's voices,
Children's voices,
Breathing music everywhere.

Let us teach these precious children
Every precept to obey

That will tend to peace and union,
In that better, safer way.
Ever praying,
Ever praying,
Lest their little feet should stray.

Onward be the watchword ever;
Persevere in doing right;
Never falter, children, never,
And you're sure to win the fight:
Courage, children!
Courage, children!
See! the goal is just in sight!

A Home Immortal.

Sing ye of a home immortal,
  Where there's no more grief or pain;
Where there dwelleth love eternal,
  And there is no sad refrain.

No more weeping, no more sighing,
  No more agonizing fears,
And no requiem for the dying,
  Chanted 'mid the falling tears.

There the righteous live forever
  In the beauteous "better land,"
And no parting scenes shall sever
  Happy hearts in household band.

Sweetest strains of music ringing,
  Echo through the wide domain:
Choirs of heavenly voices singing,
  "Nevermore to part again!"

A HOME IMMORTAL.

O! the rapt'rous joy of meeting,
Just beside the heavenly gate,
With a sweet and tender greeting,
Those for whom we fondly wait!

Angel escorts, bearing banners,
Every entrance watch to see,
One who cometh with hosannas,
Marching on to victory;

Coming up through tribulation,
Where the Savior's feet have trod—
Christ, the guide to exaltation,
Upward to the throne of God.

Parting and Meeting.

We lay thee softly down to sleep
Among the silent hills,
Where angels solemn vigils keep,
'Till time its measure fills.
Tenderly parting, O, sweet be thy rest;
Joyous the meeting in realms of the blest.

Sadly we part with one we love,
And breathe a last farewell;
We lift our hearts to God above,
Who "doeth all things well."
We lay thee away, in the silent tomb,
'Till eternal day shall lighten its gloom.

Gently we strew thy grave with flow'rs,
While our tears fall like rain;
Lonely will be the dreary hours,
Till we see thee again.
Then gladly we'll meet when time is no more,
And our weary feet touch the "golden shore."

Emmeline B. Wells

Later Poems.

A Voyage of Life.

Once on a time in the days that are olden
"The dear dead days of the beautiful past,"
When our hearts were light, and our vision golden
Then love seem'd to fill the universe vast.

We sent our ships forth over perilous seas,
With their precious freight bound for havens fair
And the sails unfurl'd in the tremulous breeze,
Signals of triumph, to do and to dare.

Many proud vessels came back heavy laden
With cargo of precious jewels full store;
And only a few were with storms o'ertaken
And stranded or lost on a dang'rous shore.

The pilots were cautious, the vessels built strong,
Storms might rage fierce in midst of the ocean;
Yet bravely they sailed, tho' the voyage was long;
Their trust was in God with faith and devotion.

But clouds have since dark'ned the sky that was clear,
And many new dangers threaten the way,

A VOYAGE OF LIFE.

The mariner sailing has much to fear
For treach'rous signals tempt vessels astray.

Yes, the ocean of life has chang'd in its course,
No longer may youth go sailing secure,
They're met by an enemy, oft with such force
Their bark must ride fearlessly if they endure!

More beacon lights warn them of drifting ashore,
More signals, more trumpets sound the alarm.
Yet wrecks of life's voyagers increase more and more,
How shall we save them from coming to harm?

Can we turn back the tide that's set in so strong
Wrecking the vessels just put out to sea?
O, have we been guiltless of error and wrong?
How shall we answer in worlds yet to be?

O, let us by Faith light a beacon so bright,
That its rays may shine forth from shore to shore,
And the wand'rer's bark in a perilous night,
May find its way safe tho' the wild waves roar.

Let love be the Shibboleth now evermore,
"Pass the word down the line," afar off and near
Truth be our armor, till Life's voyage is o'er;
And white wings of Peace our vessel shall steer.

June.

The breath of June is in the air,
And that exquisite fragrance rare,
  That thrills the soul with glad delight,
And over all the verdant land,
Beauty hath waved her magic wand,
  And earth is bathed in radiant light.

The forest songsters tune their lays
And thro' the woodland's winding ways,
  Or fields and meadows, gay with flow'rs,
Their melody in chorus sweet,
Makes earth seem fairy-land complete,
  A foretaste of fair Eden's bow'rs.

The June of life again we feel,
And softly o'er our senses steal
  The calmness and the sweet repose,
Rejuvenating all our powers,
And the glad muse of summer hours,
  Within the heart of sunshine glows.

JUNE.

The sunset's blaze of colors bright
Pales to an amethystine light,
  As gently falls the evening dew,
And mellow moonlight softly sheds
Its healing balm on aching heads
  And stars bespangle heav'n's pale blue.

Such respite from life's toil and woe
Is given us, while here below,
  As visions of the world unseen;
To stimulate our lives to bear,
The ills and griefs we needs must share,
  Until we reach the heights serene.

O, how we long to climb those hills,
And quaff from out the sparkling rills,
  The honeyed nectar of our youth;
For there it flows in limpid streams,
Of which our fancy only dreams,
  Springing from wells of living truth.

O nights of June! Fairer than all!
From out the silence voices call,
  In echoes from the fountains deep,
Or from the far-off woods and vales,
Or distant seas, whose mournful wails,
  Tell where the dead unnumber'd sleep.

To Mrs. M. Isabella Horne.

A LIFE replete with brave and noble deeds,
  Wrought in sweet patience and humility,
  With loving thought for all humanity,
And that which ev'ry living creature needs.

Eighty and one long years, how strange it seems,
  That you should see so many wondrous things,
  As recollection to your memory brings;
That Israel's Prophets only saw in dreams.

Ah, me! what 't is to live so many years,
  And toil and labor all the time for good,
  Thro' youth and wedded life, and widowhood,
Such shifting scenes of hope, of joy, and fears.

Courageous woman, you have earn'd a rest;
  Wisely you've striven for "the better part;"
  And trials borne that pierced you to the heart,
"Tried as by fire," yet bravely stood the test.

TO MRS. M. ISABELLA HORNE.

O, may the years to come be full of love
  Of children and of children's children, too,
  And rich in ev'ry blessing dear and true,
Foretaste of that celestial world above.

And when we meet upon "the other side,"
  Then may we know each other's faces well,
  And gladly greeting, all our vict'ries tell,
Where peace and truth forevermore abide.

There may your lov'd ones who have gone before
  Salute you with the songs of yesterday,
  You've sung together on life's glad highway,
Sweet murm'ring music echoed o'er and o'er.

Joseph.

Plucked fresh from an immortal paradise,
  Transplanted in a new and uncongenial clime;
To fulfill laws which nature's works comprise;
  A purpose to achieve, co-incident with time.

In Memoriam.

A WOMAN pioneer, brave and renown'd,
She ever bore an honored name;
With motherhood and many virtues crown'd
To give her everlasting fame.

Mother in Israel, fearless for the right,
A very stalwart in her place;
Endow'd with wisdom and with Gospel light,
Intelligence shone in her face.

Her weary steps have reach'd the heav'nly shore,
Where welcomes glad her soul rejoice;
With her companions who have gone before
She'll sing again with heart and voice.

When Old Friends Meet.

When old friends meet together
  Who've journey'd along life's way
In sunshine and stormy weather,
  There is always so much to say
Of the past, and its memories too
And the loved ones, whom once we knew.

And tho' we long for their presence,
  They will not come back again;
But we must not mourn their absence
  From this world of grief and pain,
But think of the good they have done
And the glorious crown they've won.

Tho' lonely the path we're treading,
  There is much to brighten the way,
If we do our Master's bidding,
  For we live in a glorious day.
And the Lord is ever giving
Rich blessings to those who're living.

And tho' we have all had sorrow,
We can wear a smiling face;
Nor need trouble about tomorrow,
But with an obedient grace—
Bearing all in meek submission,
Press forward to fill our mission.

Sonnet.

HERE comes October with its gorgeous flowers,
And Nature's voices a glad anthem singing,
The echoes clear thro' hill and valley ringing,
Filling with joy the Autumn's happy hours,
And beauty blossoms in the fairest bowers.
The pretty maidens in their silken gowns
Of green, and yellow, and of russet browns
Are dancing where the bright leaves fall in showers;
Fairies with dainty feet in colors bright,
The sweetest, fondest memories bringing
Of festivals we've held on life's highways,
That live and burn within our souls tonight;
Remembrances around our heart-strings clinging,
Recalling purest joys of glad birthdays.

Bathsheba W. Smith.

I KNOW thee well, thy sterling worth,
And thy pure heart, so free from guile,
Thy rich inheritance of birth,
Thy girlish fancies, as erstwhile
Thy youthful days fled on apace,
Giving thee symmetry and grace.

And riding over hill and dale
Mounted on horseback, bridle free,
Facing the storms of wind and gale,
Thus gaining health and energy—
To brave life's battles, and to be
Fitted for thy great destiny,

The gospel came to thee in youth,
And thou wert ready to receive
The welcome tidings of the truth,
And in those principles believe,
Which to a Prophet had been given,
Reveal'd through messengers from heav'n.

BATHSHEBA W. SMITH.

A youthful lover came to woo
The fair young Bathsheba for wife,
A faithful man, honest and true,
One to be trusted throughout life;
Soon plighted vows were interchanged,
And wedding nuptials were arranged.

Two souls who lov'd each other well,
United truly, heart and hand,
To found a home wherein to dwell,
Where love should rule, the one command,
Together ever, come what may,
To journey on along life's way.

Sweet were the hours at eventide
When labor o'er, the day's work done,
They sat together side by side
And planned the future for each one
That might be given to them here,
The children they might have to rear.

In peace the years sped swiftly by,
Though many changes with them came;
Travels and journeyings; thereby
A rich experience and honor'd name,
A life replete with happiness,
Treading the path of righteousness.

BATHSHEBA W. SMITH.

I would this story I might give
  In verse befitting such a theme,
That through the ages it might live
  A synonym of "love's young dream."
Fulfilled in part while dwelling here,
To finish in another sphere.

I saw her when a fair young bride,
  Again with baby in her arms,
The happy father at her side,
  Her face all radiant with charms,
That mother-love makes fairer still—
Than aught beside, say what you will.

And now in ripest womanhood
  We see the glory in her face,
Which proves how bravely she withstood
  All trials with becoming grace,
Known only to a Saint of God,
Who's pass'd beneath the chast'ning rod.

Faith.

Lord give us faith to trust in Thee,
Whatever sorrows may betide;
Attune our hearts in unity,
That in Thy love we may abide.

Strengthen our faith, that we may live
According to Thy sacred word;
Thy Holy Spirit freely give
We pray Thee, O most gracious Lord.

O, may we seek for light divine
To shine upon our onward way;
Make us, O Lord, more truly Thine,
Renew our courage day by day.

Help us to consecrate to Thee,
Our time, our talents, all our wealth;
Make of our efforts harmony,
And give us joy, and peace and health.

FAITH.

However dark the days may be,
Though storms are fierce, and rude the blast,
O, give Thy Saints the victory,
Through faith to overcome at last.

A wondrous power the Saints possess,
Who seek for wisdom from on high,
Proclaiming truth and righteousness,
Whatever dangers may be nigh.

Lord give us mighty Faith to stand
Valiant for Zion, and for Thee,
Till Right shall rule in all the land,
And Peace abound from sea to sea.

A Rondeau.

When May-time comes, and lilacs are in bloom,
And blue-eyed violets waft their sweet perfume,
And lilies nod along the limpid stream,
Then poets wander in an idle dream,
And weave bright fancies in kind Nature's loom,
When May-time comes.

When May-time comes the apple blossoms sweet,
Pale pink and white are flut'ring at our feet;
The song-bird building high its pretty nest
In swaying tree-top coos its mate to rest;
Fond lovers, too, think then their bliss complete,
When May-time comes.

When May-time comes young life is all aglow,
True lovers whisper secrets soft and low,
They hie away to some secluded nook
Their voices mingling with the murm'ring brook
And plight their faith. Ah, me, 't is ever so!
When May-time comes.

A RONDEAU.

When May-time comes I sit in moonlight's glow,
And watch the flitting shadows come and go;
I see the mists of beauty fade away
From the far hills where silv'ry moonbeams stray
Among the pines that sing so soft and low
When May-time comes.

When May-time comes one mem'ry ever dear,
Float's o'er my soul its music soft and clear,
Thrilling my pulses e'en to finger tips,
While tender words are trembling on my lips
And visions of the loved and lost are near,
When May-time comes.

An Epitaph.

Fair as a lily did her life unfold
As pure and beautiful and rich in grace—
But when again her presence we behold
Celestial light will glorify her face.

Old Friends and Comrades.

We have been friends together thro' all the changing years
Of travel and of trials, with hardships, doubts, and fears,
Since first we met each other in those eventful days,
In fair "Nauvoo, the Beautiful," or on the desert ways.

There's something glorious in life, whatever may befall,
And we have been most loyal to the Gospel, thro' it all,
Because the faith we cherish our staff and stay has been,
And we trust that each of us immortal life may win.

But there are faces that we miss of those we lov'd so well,
So many that their names too numerous are to tell;
They were our dear companions, our comrades, heart and hand,
In festive scenes and gatherings, we were a happy band.

With them we danc'd and feasted, when we were young and bright;
And we comforted each other, when sorrow left its blight;
In trouble, or in sadness, or in burdens hard to bear
We each were ever willing to take another's share.

We recall each absent one, and think them o'er and o'er;
Their voices seem to greet us from off that distant shore,
The river flows between us, but we see the shining sand,
And we know beyond that river there lies the happy land.

A MOTHER in Israel has gone to her rest,
She has said her farewell to loved ones so dear,
Across the bright river in realms of the blest,
She was welcomed by those who loved her while here.

Life's Milestones.

TO H. C. W.

And a little child shall lead them.

TODAY you pass a milestone on life's way,
A golden one so some wise-acres say,
And golden too we think that it should be;
For four score years, if one has lived so long,
Deserves to be proclaimed in verse and song,
And tribute paid in golden melody.

And you were born in June, the month of flowers,
The time of sunshine and of golden hours;
Most fortunate has been your destiny.
They say 't is lucky to be born in June,
For nature then with life is most in tune,
The adage is not myth or mystery.

E'en as a child you knew the Shepherd's voice,
The call met the approval of your choice—
You gave your hand glad tidings to obey,
Leading the others, who with one accord,
Declared their willingness to serve the Lord,
When as a child you chose the better way.

And ever since that far-off better time,
When you had listened to those words sublime
  In the sweet innocence of youth,
And to the water's edge for baptism went
Surely an angel was from heaven sent
  To guide your footsteps in the way of truth.

All through the years of trial since that day,
However dark or dreary seemed the way,
  You've bravely borne your part and stood the test,
And shared the joys of life's true happiness,
And known the grace of sweetest tenderness,
  With kindred souls, the choicest and the best.

And so we must in very truth declare,
No matter what we're called upon to bear,
  That golden opportunities are ours;
E'en though time's scythe has snatched some friends
    away
Whom we would gladly have with us today;
  Yet we've been blessed with many golden hours.

Let us acknowledge then, assembled here
In this grand company with right good cheer,
  Blessings vouchsafed to us in youth and age,
Grateful to God our voices let us raise,
In song or prayer, giving His name the praise,
  And turn life's tablets to the golden page.

Progress.

When the foundations of the earth were laid,
And darkness hover'd o'er the space,
This good "world beautiful" so perfect made,
And sun and stars had found their place,
Then darkness fled before the coming day—
When God proclaimed "Let there be light!"
For His Omnipotence and pow'r held sway
And he divided day and night.
Fair morning in her maiden beauty rose
All blushes like a virgin bride;
The world awaken'd from the night's repose
By her sweet presence beautified.
'T was then the morning stars together sung,
And angels minister'd on earth;
All nature's voices in glad chorus rung,
Rejoicing in the world's new birth—
For man was born and unto him was given
Dominion over living things,
And woman, fresh from out the courts of heav'n
A benediction with her brings—

PROGRESS.

The dawn of progress in a new-born race,
The growth of beings multiplied;
And down the ages filling time and place,
True knowledge life has glorified.

There have been wonders in the long ago,
Empires have flourish'd in their way,
Their thrones and kingdoms, their great works laid low,
Their progress crush'd and pass'd away.
We boast of great achievements in our time,
Of ingenuity and wondrous skill
Talk of the sciences in flights sublime,
Controlling forces at their will.
Men have won laurels in the halls of fame,
Have solv'd great problems, to be sure,
But can they justly lasting merit claim
For progress made that will endure?
And who can say what progress most has done
To help mankind to higher things?
What vict'ry have we gained, what triumph won,
With all that art and science brings?
Wise men of old, e'en prophets in their time
Have dealt with life's great mysteries;
And poets sung in rhythmic strains sublime
Through the long line of centuries.

PROGRESS.

In the meridian of time the Savior came,
"The Golden Rule" to man He taught;
And by His teaching, and thro' Jesus name,
The world received new light, new thought.
He who has given to the world His best,
Who has some blessed message brought,
And ministers to human souls distress'd
Has far the greater progress wrought.
We hail the day, when knowledge shall increase,
And cover earth from sea to sea;
When all mankind shall dwell in perfect peace,
And light and truth obtain the victory.

In Memoriam

The harp strings may be shattered
And the rose leaves may be scattered
But the memory remaineth,
And the love that we have cherished
And the hope that we have nourished
The immortal soul retaineth.

Our Mother's Songs.

Sing us the songs our mothers sung,
Softly low, and o'er and o'er,
When our hearts were fresh, and we were young
In beautiful days of yore.
The songs that linger in memory dear,
And help us to live from year to year.

The mother's song is a sweet refrain,
Floating down the waves of time;
It soothed our childhood's keenest pain,
Tho' 't was only simplest rhyme,
And ever through life's dreariest days,
It cheers and gladdens loneliest ways.

Our mother's songs of the long ago
Wake old memories here today,
Sing them tenderly sweet and low,
List! the echoes far away,
Calling up scenes of days that are past,
Pictures in shadow, true to the last.

Quest and Message.

E. R. SNOW'S ANNIVERSARY.

FLITTING through my mental vision
As I sit while idly dreaming
In the silence of the night time
Came fond memories o'er me stealing,
Tender voices seemed to whisper
Softly as an evening vesper.

Bringing back the former days
With remembrances enthralling,
Scenes long past and half forgotten,
Names of those we loved recalling,
Echoes of the far-off olden
From the hills of memory golden.

Angel faces stood out clearly,
Radiant in the distance gleaming,
I was conscious of a presence
That with majesty was beaming,
And sweet music dream-like trilling
Till my very soul was thrilling.

Did she come from fields elysian?
  Fresh as early dews of morning,
Standing just within the portal,
  Queenly in her bright adorning.
Entered with that lofty tread—
Veiled in mystic like the dead.

Not a single word was spoken,
  But the manner was controlling;
'T was a message to us bearing
  For our human lives consoling;
In her hand she held a tablet,
Which I never can forget.

On the tablet's shining surface
  Was a shield of finest tracing,
And a couplet wrought with pearls
  Set with diamonds interlacing.
"Purity forever more"
The inscription that it bore.

VISION VANISHED.

Here she taught us life's great lessons,
  From the fount above obtaining;
As we trod life's paths together,
  Always righteousness maintaining—

With that wondrous gift of power,
Her true heritage and dower.

Many years she served the Master,
  Truth's great banner wide unfurling,
O'er the world she carried tidings
  To all human souls uplifting—
Gladdest message of true light
Peering through the darkest night.

Famous jewels she had gathered
  In her pilgrimage sojourning
Which she scattered 'mong the daughters
  Freely, generously bestowing
Precious truths, the choicest gems,
Fairer than earth's diadems.

Rarest, sweetest songs of Zion
  That are sung with sacred feeling—
Given her through inspiration,
  Holy principles revealing,
Crown with honor her great name,
Linked with everlasting fame.

And we call her regnant-mother;
In her chaste pure life excelling—
Zion's daughters down the ages
Will her messages be telling.
Poet! Priestess, Prophet too—
Israel's hosts will honor you.

A Portrait.

A QUEENLY woman, statuesque and grand,
Regal in manner, courteous in command,
Of reverential presence, and her face
Radiantly fair, beaming with hope and grace,
Her vibrant life one long sweet symphony
Of duty, love and soulful harmony.

A Midnight Reverie.

The hour was late; I sat alone,
The hush of silence in the air;
Around my room were shadows thrown
In brilliant lights, exceeding fair,
And strong emotions filled my soul,
A retrospect on which I gaze
Like music's power beyond control,
Transfixed I sat as in a maze.

The years flew back, I was a child,
I saw my mother's smiling face,
And heard her voice in accents mild,
And watched her movements full of grace.
The children playing round the hearth,
The pine knots blazing high and bright,
And all the melody of mirth
Resounding with the old delight.
The kettle swinging on the crane;
And yet how far away it seems.
Sleigh bells are ringing in the lane;
Dear me! how vivid are my dreams.

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

Why should such reveries be mine
  As I sit musing by the fire?
Around my heart-strings intertwine
  The joys that were my heart's desire.
And looking backward o'er the years,
  Adown the byways of the past,
I recognize the hopes and fears
  With which my life was overcast.
Anon I climbed the woodland heights,
  And bathed me in the running brook.
Old Time has taken rapid flights
  Since first my name was in his book.

O memories beyond recall
  That chastened me upon my way,
Mixed with the wormwood and with gall,
  And yet my faith was bright as day,
That He who notes the sparrow's fall
  Would not forsake me, though alone;
And this I know, He heard my call
  In supplication at His throne.

Youth of Zion.

Zion's hope is most exultant
In the future yet to be,
When the children of the cov'nant
Write their deeds in history.
Sons and daughters with a mission
Foretold in prophetic vision.

Zion's hosts must be triumphant
In the battle for the right:
They are brave and strong and valiant;
They must surely win the fight,
Maintaining righteousness and truth
In the full vigor of their youth.

In these mountain vales primeval
They have grown to manhood's prime,
Taught to shun the paths of evil,
Filling life with deeds sublime;
Proclaiming equity and peace
Till tyranny and discord cease.

YOUTH OF ZION.

In the shadow of these mountains,
  Tow'ring high t'ward heaven's dome,
Drinking deep from crystal fountains,
  Flowing freely round the home,
Nature in her tenderest grace
Makes beautiful each lonely place.

These stalwart men from noble sires,
  Proudly bear the honored name;
Heroic deeds each life inspires,
  Treading paths that lead to fame;
Nor ever lay their armor down,
But win the prize and earn the crown.

An Ode.

Written for the Dedication of Maeser Memorial, May 30, 1912.

Professors, students, friends, who have assembled here
On this memorial day,
To honor the illustrious dead—
What fitting salutation can we give,
What tribute pay,
What tender, soulful words can there be said?

No precious gift I bring—not e'en a flower—
As loving token on this day of days;
But heart o'erflowing with fond memories
Of those departed ones beloved,
Who've fought life's battle valiantly,
And whose deeds we praise
In song and story and poetic phrase.

Illumining the pathway of the past,
Emblazoned on the scroll of earthly fame,
Are names which ever gleam to hopeful youth;

'Mong which those only shall deserve to last
Whose love of God burned as with constant flame;
Their fruitage—justice, liberty and truth.

Of such the brave, heroic pioneers
Who led our fathers through the wilderness;
Theirs that unbounded faith that lifts and cheers
And opens up the way to happiness.

Today their favored sons and daughters reap
The golden harvest of their earnest toil,
Bearing aloft the standard of their zeal,
Voicing with gratitude the pride they feel,
That their forefathers planted in such fertile soil.

In paean triumphant let our voices rise
With gladness and with joy our hearts be thrilled,
That these foundations firm and strong
Laid by that great and noble throng
Foreseen by them in vision beautiful
Today behold fulfilled!

As retrospectively we gaze into the years
When that which now seems old was fresh and new
We can but think how marvellous it appears
And most we wonder how those prophets knew.

AN ODE.

Could we but catch the echoes of the past
Reverberating through these flinty mountain walls
As in our fancy vividly they're ringing—
What shadows o'er us would these memories cast,
What scenes of pleasure could the heart recall—
Now glad now minor chords of music singing.

Where are those men who once assembled here,
The great ones of the past who planned so well?
Go read their names writ bright amongst the spheres;
Their deeds to all the coming generations tell.

They left us one by one, long, long ago,
But rich the legacy we still retain;
Nor could they on us greater gift bestow—
The priceless dower of an honored name.

Along the vista of the years now gone,
Familiar and beloved forms we trace
As in some twilight dream;
When lo! there's one pre-eminent, alone,
A teacher pure and simple in his ways,
A man of humble mien.

Not envious he of human prize or praise,
Earnest and prayerful life's long path he trod;

In righteous tasks he spent his precious days
With love for all mankind and faith sublime in God.

And toiled he not in vain;
For in fond recognition of the work he wrought
Today we dedicate this classic fane!

Sweet recompense of service freely given
To him who through the early years had striven;
There is solemnity around this sacred place,
A fragrant atmosphere of hallowed grace
As though we saw him face to face.

Imposing columns, graceful arch and lofty halls
Display our honor to the public eye;
And yet within our hearts we know
Not all the splendor wealth can show
Could rear a structure of such art
As he with master skill hath wrought
Within each pupil's soul:
A temple towering to the sky,
Of prayer, of faith, of ceaseless quest
For truth, which giveth perfect rest;
Seeking along life's pathway wide
The ever-faltering step to guide
Toward the eternal goal.

AN ODE.

Ye who have gathered oft at wisdom's shrine,
In your great consecrated halls of learning,
Partaking freely from the fount of pure intelligence;
Have ye not felt uplifted with a power divine,
The while your thirsty souls were filled with yearning,
For greater, fairer, higher fields of excellence?

Some who are old today and once were young
Through patient years have hoped the day would come
When Zion's youth with flag unfurled
Might fling the challenge to the world
That here in these sequestered vales
The highest, purest thought prevails!
When lo, before our very eyes,
Today our dream we realize.

Oh, stalwart youths, and oh, ye maidens fair,
As ye shall venture forth from these protecting walls,
To strive for place among the ranks of men,
Remember the great truths you have been taught,
Heed well the still small voice whene'er it calls;
Be merciful, be wise, be true, in every word and thought.
The youth of Zion must keep ever bright
The Gospel armor and lift high the shining light.

And when the century has rounded out its cycle
In this now blessed western land,
Where once the Indian hunted his wild game
And where our own brave pilgrim band
Into the bleak and sterile desert came—
Then when you, being known as authors, orators and men of world-wide note,
Shall look upon God's temples beautiful, vast halls of fame, and costly works of art—
Forget not then the founders, and with true ancestral pride,
Remember these achievements are but their promise verified.

Now in the joyous springtime of the year,
When all kind nature's pulses beat harmoniously,
And earth and air both vibrate with sweet melody,
Awake the valley's echoes far and near—
Shout Hallelujahs till the overarching sky
Gives back the rapturous song from depths of blue;
And, echoing on from hill to hill,
God's starry canopy pierces thro'
And all the spheres our hymns renew,
Until with one exultant thrill
Worlds without end shall testify
The wondrous things of prophecy.

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